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[illegible] Proprietor

Arrival and Departure of Mails

[illegible]

Lodge Directory

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Churches

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BY J. RIDER HAGGARD

CHAPTER XIV.

A SOUL IN TORMENT.

It was nearly 10 o'clock at night when I cast myself down upon my bed and began to gather my scattered wits, and reflect upon what I had seen and heard. But the more I reflected the less I could make of it. Was I mad, or drunk, or dreaming, or was I merely the victim of a gigantic and most elaborate hoax? How was it possible that I, a rational man, not unacquainted with the leading scientific facts of our history, and hitherto an absolute and utter disbeliever in all the hocus-pocus that in Europe goes by the name of the supernatural, could believe that I had within the last few minutes been engaged in conversation with a woman 2,000 and odd years old? The thing was contrary to the experience of human nature, and absolutely and utterly impossible. Nonsense, it must be a hoax. She had warned me fairly enough, and I [illegible] to take the warning [illegible] curiosity that is ever prompting [illegible] draw the veil from woman, and [illegible] natural impulse that begets it [illegible] to fall a victim to this beautiful [illegible] them she was not mistaken at [illegible] not. She was almost as [illegible] as the original Circe.

I tore my hair, and jumped up off my couch, feeling that if I did not do something I should also go off my head. What did she mean about the scarabæus, too? It was Leo's scarabæus, and had come out of the old coffer that Vincey had left in my rooms nearly twenty-one years before. Could it be, after all, that the whole story was true, and the writing on the sherd was not a forgery, or the invention of some crack brained, long forgotten individual? And if so, could it be that Leo was the man that She was waiting for—the dead man who was to be born again? Impossible again. The whole thing was gibberish, who ever heard of a man being born again!

Next I bethought me that I had not been to see how Leo was, so taking up one of the lamps that burned away at my bedside I slipped off my shoes and crept down the passage to the entrance of his cave. The draught of night air was lifting his curtain to and fro gently, as though spirit hands were drawing and redrawing it. I slid into the vault-like apartment and looked. There was a light in it, and Leo was lying on the couch, tossing restlessly in his fever, but asleep. By his side, half lying on the floor, half leaning against the stone couch, was Ustane. She held his hand in one of hers, but she too was dozing, and the two made a pretty, or rather a pathetic, picture. Poor Leo! his cheek was burning red, there were dark shadows beneath his eyes, and his breath came heavily. He was very, very ill, and again the horrible fear seized me that he might die, and I be left alone in the world. And yet if he lived he would perhaps be my rival with Ayesha; even if he were not, what chance should I, middle aged and hideous, have against his bright youth and beauty? Well, thank heaven! my sense of right was not dead. She had not killed that yet; and, as I stood there, I prayed to the Almighty in my heart that my boy, my more than son, might live, ay, even if he proved to be the man.

Then I went back as softly as I had come, but still I could not sleep; the sight and thought of dear Leo lying there so ill had but added fuel to the fire of my unrest. My wearied body and overstrained mind had awakened all my imagination into preternatural activity. Ideas, visions, almost inspirations, floated before it with startling vividness. Most of them were grotesque enough, some were ghastly, some recalled thoughts and sensations that had for years been buried in the debris of my past life. But behind and above them all hovered the shape of that awful woman, and through them gleamed the memory of her entrancing loveliness. Up and down the cave, I strode—up and down.

Suddenly I observed what I had not noticed before, that there was a narrow aperture in the rocky wall. I took up the lamp and examined it. The aperture led to a passage. Now I was still sufficiently sensible to remember that it is not pleasant, in such a situation as ours was, to have passages running into one's bed chamber from no one knows where. If there are passages people can come up them; they can come up when one is asleep. Partly to see where it went to and partly from a restless desire to be doing something, I followed the passage. It led to a stone stair, which I descended; the stair ended in another passage, or rather tunnel, also hewn out of the bed rock, and running, so far as I could judge, exactly beneath the passage that led to the entrance of our rooms and across the great central cave. I went on down it; it was as silent as the grave, but still, drawn by some sensation or attraction that I cannot describe, I followed on, my stockinged feet falling without noise on the smooth and rocky floor. When I had traversed some fifty yards of space I came to another passage, running at right angles, and here an awful thing happened to me—the sharp draught caught my lamp and extinguished it, leaving me in utter darkness in the bowels of that mysterious place. I took a couple of strides forward so as to clear the bisecting tunnel, being terribly afraid lest I should turn up in the dark if I once got confused as to the direction, and then paused to think. What was I to do? I had no match; it seemed awful to attempt that long journey back through the utter gloom, and yet I could not stand there all night, and, if I did, probably it would not help me much, for in the bowels of the rock it would be as dark at midday as at midnight. I looked back over my shoulder—not a sight or a sound. I peered forward down the darkness: surely far away I saw something like the faint glow of fire. Perhaps it was a cave where I could get a light—at any rate it was worth investigating. Slowly and painfully I crept along the tunnel, keeping my hand against its wall and feeling at every step with my foot before I put it down, fearing lest I should fall into some pit. Thirty paces—there was a light, a flickering light shining through curtains! Fifty paces—it was close at hand! Sixty—oh, great heaven!

I was at the curtains, and they did not hang close, so I could see clearly into the little cavern beyond them. It had all the appearance of being a tomb, and was lit up by a fire that burned in its center with a whitish flame and without smoke. Indeed, there to the left was a stone shelf with a little ledge to it three inches or so high, and on the shelf lay what I took to be a corpse; at any rate, it looked like one with something white thrown over it. To the right was a similar shelf, on which lay some broidered coverings. Over the fire bent the figure of a woman; she was sideways to me and facing the corpse, wrapped in a dark mantle that hid her like a nun's cloak. She seemed to be staring at the flickering flame. Suddenly, as I was trying to make up my mind what to do, with a convulsive movement that somehow gave an impression of despairing energy, the woman rose to her feet and cast the dark cloak from her.

It was She herself!

She was clothed, as I had seen her when she unveiled, in the kirtle of clinging white, cut low upon her bosom, and bound in at the waist with the barbaric double headed snake, and, as before, her rippling black hair fell in heavy masses down her back. But her face was what caught my eye, and held me as in a vise, not this time by the force of her beauty, but by the power of fascinated terror. The beauty was still there, indeed, but the agony, the blind passion and the awful vindictiveness displayed upon those quivering features, and in the tortured look of the upturned eyes, were such as surpass my powers of description.

For a moment she stood still, her hands raised high above her head, and as she did so the white robe slipped from her down to her golden girdle, baring the blinding loveliness of her form. She stood there, her fingers clinched, and the awful look of malevolence gathered and deepened on her face.

Down came the clinched hands to her sides, then up again above her head, and, as I am a living and honorable man, the flame of the fire leaped up after them, almost to the roof, throwing a fierce and vivid glare upon She herself, upon the white figure beneath the covering, and every scroll and detail on the rock work.

Down came the ivory arms again, and as they did so she spoke, or rather hissed, in Arabic, in a note that curdled my blood, and for a second stopped my heart.

"Curse her! may she be everlastingly accursed!"

The arms fell and the flames sank. Up they went again, and the broad tongues of fire shot up after them, then again they fell.

"Curse her memory!" accursed be the memory of the Egyptian!"

Up again, and again down.

"Curse her, the fair daughter of the Nile, because of her beauty!

"Curse her! because her magic has prevailed against me.

"Curse her! because she has kept my beloved from me."

Again the flame fell, and again she covered her eyes with her hands.

"It's no use—no use," she wailed, "who can reach those who sleep? Not even I can reach them."

Then once more she began her unholy rites.

"Curse her when she shall be born again! Let her be born accursed!

"Let her be utterly accursed from the hour of her birth until sleep finds her!

"Yea, then let her be accursed, for then shall I overtake her with my vengeance, and utterly destroy her!"

And so on. The flame rose and fell, reflecting itself in her agonized eyes; the hissing sound of her terrible maledictions—and no words of mine, especially on paper, can convey how terrible they were—ran round the walls, and died away in little echoes, and the fierce light and deep gloom alternated themselves on the white and dreadful form stretched upon that bier of stone.

But at length she seemed to wear herself out and ceased. She sat herself down upon the rocky floor, and shook the dense cloud of her beautiful hair over her face and breast, and commenced to sob terribly in the torture of a heartrending despair.

"My love! my love! my love! Why did that stranger bring thee back to me after this sort? For 500 years I have not suffered thus. Oh, if I sinned against thee, have I not wiped away the sin? When wilt thou come back to me, who have all, and yet without thee have naught? What is there that I can do! What! What! What! And perchance she—perchance that Egyptian doth abide with thee where thou art, and mock my memory. Oh, why could I not die with thee, I who slew thee? Alas that I cannot die! Alas! Alas!" And she flung herself prone upon the ground, and sobbed and wept till I thought her heart must burst.

Suddenly she ceased, raised herself to her feet and tossing her long locks impatiently, swept across to where the figure lay upon the stone.

"Oh, Kallikrates," she cried, and I trembled at the name, "I must look upon thy face again, though it be agony. It is a generation since I looked upon thee whom I slew—slew with mine own hand," and with trembling fingers she seized the corner of the shroud-like wrapping that lay over the form upon the stone bier and then paused. When she spoke again it was in a kind of awed whisper, as though her idea were terrible even to herself.

"Shall I raise thee," she said, apparently addressing the corpse, "so that thou standest there as of old? I can do it," and [illegible] the sheeted dead, [illegible] became rigid and terrible to see and her eyes grew fixed and dull. I shrank in horror behind the curtain, my hair stood up upon my head, and whether it was my imagination or a fact I am unable to say, but I thought that the quiet form beneath the covering began to quiver and the winding sheet to lift as though it lay on the breast of one who slept. Suddenly she withdrew her hands.

"What is the use?" she said, gloomily. "Of what use is it to recall the semblance of life when I cannot recall the spirit? Even if thou stoodst before me thou wouldst not know me and couldst but do what I bid thee. The life in thee would be my life and not thy life, Kallikrates."

For a moment she stood there, and then cast herself down on her knees beside the form, and began to press her lips against the sheet and weep. There was something so horrible about the sight of this fearsome woman letting loose her passion on the dead—so much more horrible even than anything that had gone before—that I could no longer bear to look at it, and turning, commenced to creep, shaking as I was in every limb, slowly along the pitch dark passage, feeling in my heart that I had had a vision of a Soul in Hell.

On I stumbled, I scarcely know how. Twice I fell, once I turned up the bisecting passage, but fortunately found out my mistake in time. Twenty minutes or more I crept along, till at last it occurred to me that I must have passed the little stair by which I descended. So, utterly exhausted and nearly frightened to death, I sank down at length there on the stone flooring, and into oblivion.

When I came to I noticed a faint ray of light in the passage just behind me. I crept to it and found it was the little stair, down which the weak dawn was stealing. Passing up it, I gained my chamber in safety, and flinging myself on the couch, was soon lost in slumber, or rather stupor.

CHAPTER XV.

AYESHA GIVES JUDGMENT.

The next thing that I remember was opening my eyes and perceiving the form of Job, who had now practically recovered from his attack of fever. He was standing in the ray of light that pierced into the cave from the outer air, shaking out my clothes as a makeshift for brushing them, which he could not do because there was no brush, and then folding them up neatly and laying them on the foot of the stone couch. This done, he got my traveling dressing case out of the Gladstone bag and opened it ready for my use.

After I had dressed myself I passed into the eating, or rather embalming, chamber, and had some food, which was, as before, brought to me by the girl mutes. When I had finished I went and saw poor Leo, who was quite off his head and did not even know me. I asked Ustane how she thought he was, but she only shook her head and began to cry a little. Evidently her hopes were small, and I then and there made up my mind that, if it were in any way possible, I would get She to come and see him. Surely She would cure him if She chose; at any rate, She said She could. Whilst I was in the room Billali entered, and also shook his head.

"He will die at night," he said.

"God forbid, my father," I answered, and turned away with a heavy heart.

"'She-who-must-be-obeyed' commands thy presence, my Baboon," said the old man as soon as we got to the curtain, "but, oh, my dear son, be more careful. Yesterday I made sure in my heart that She would blast thee when thou didst not crawl upon thy stomach before her. She is sitting in the great hall to do justice upon those who would have smitten thee and the Lion. Come on, my son, come swiftly."

I turned, and followed him down the passage, and when we reached the great central cave saw that many Amahagger, some robed and some merely clad in the sweet simplicity of a leopard skin, were hurrying up it. We mingled with the throng, and walked up the enormous and indeed almost interminable cave. All the way up it the walls were elaborately sculptured, and every twenty paces or so passages opened out of it at right angles, leading, Billali told me, to tombs hollowed in the rock by "the people who were before." Nobody visited those tombs now, he said, and I must say that my heart rejoiced when I thought of the opportunities of antiquarian research that opened out before me.

At last we came to the head of the cave, where there was a rock dais almost exactly similar to the one on which we had been so furiously attacked, a fact that proved to me that these dais must have been used as altars, probably for the celebration of religious ceremonies, and more especially of rites connected with the interment of the dead. On either side of this dais were passages leading, Billali informed me, to other caves full of dead bodies. "Indeed," he added, "the whole mountain is full of dead, and nearly all of them are perfect."

In front of the dais were gathered a great number of people of both sexes, who stood glaring about in their peculiar gloomy fashion, which would have reduced Mark Tapley himself to misery in about five minutes. On the dais was a rude chair of black wood inlaid with ivory, with a seat made of grass fiber and a footstool formed of a wooden slab attached to the chair.

Suddenly there was a cry of "Hiya! Hiya!" ("She! She!") and thereupon the entire crowd instantly precipitated itself upon the ground and lay there as though it were individually and collectively stricken dead, leaving me standing up like some solitary survivor of a massacre. As they did so a long string of guards began to defile from a passage to the left and ranged themselves on either side of the dais. Then followed about a score of male mutes, then as many women mutes bearing lamps, and then a tall white figure, swathed from head to foot, in whom I recognized She herself. She mounted the dais and sat down upon the chair, and spoke to me in Greek—I suppose because she did not wish those present to understand what she said.

"Come hither, Holly," she said, "and sit at my feet and see me do justice on those who would have slain thee. Forgive me if my Greek doth halt like a lame man; it is so long since I have heard the sound of it that my tongue is stiff and will not bend to the words."

I bowed, and mounting the dais sat down at her feet.

"How didst thou sleep, my Holly?" she asked.

"I slept not well, O Ayesha!" I answered with perfect truth and with an inward fear that perhaps she knew how I had passed the heart of the night.

"So," she said with a little laugh, "I, too, have not slept well. Last night I had dreams, and methinks thou didst call them to me, O Holly."

"Of what didst thou dream, Ayesha?" I asked indifferently.

"I dreamed," she answered quickly, "of one I hate and one I love," and then, as though to turn the conversation, she addressed the captain of her guard in Arabic: "Let the men be brought before me."

The captain bowed low—for the guard and her attendants did not prostrate themselves, but had remained standing—and departed with his underlings down a passage to the right.

Then came a silence. She leaned her swathed head upon her hand and appeared to be lost in thought, while the multitude before her continued to grovel upon their stomachs, only screwing their heads round a little so as to get a view of us with one eye. It seemed that their queen so rarely appeared in public that they were willing to undergo this inconvenience and even greater risks to have the opportunity of looking on her—or rather on her garments, for no living man there except myself had ever seen her face. At last we caught sight of the waving of lights and heard the tramp of men coming along the passage, and in filed the guard, and with them the survivors of our would be murderers, to the number of a score or more, on whose countenances the natural expression of sullenness struggled with the terror that evidently filled their savage hearts. They were ranged in front of the dais and would have cast themselves down on the floor of the cave like the spectators, but she stopped them.

"Nay," she said in her softest voice, "stand, I pray ye stand. Perhaps the time shall soon be when ye shall grow weary of being stretched out;" and she laughed melodiously.

I saw a cringe of terror run along the rank of the poor doomed wretches, and, wicked villains as they were, I felt sorry for them. Some minutes, perhaps two or three, passed before anything fresh occurred, during which She appeared, from the movement of her head—for, of course, we could not see her eyes—to be slowly and carefully examining each delinquent. At last she spoke, addressing herself to me in a quiet and deliberate tone.

"Dost thou, O my guest, who art known in thy country by the name of the Prickly Tree, recognize these men?"

"Ay, O queen, nearly all of them," I said; and I saw them glower at me as I said it.

"Then tell me and this company the tale whereof I have heard."

Thus adjured, I, in as few words as I could, related the history of the cannibal feast, and of the attempted torture of our poor servant. The narrative was received in perfect silence, both by the accused and by the audience, and also by She herself. When I had done, Ayesha called upon Billali by name, and lifting his head from the ground, but without rising the old man confirmed my story. No further evidence was taken.

"Ye have heard," said She at length, in a cold, clear voice, very different from her usual tones, indeed, it was one of the most remarkable things about this extraordinary creature that her voice had the power of suiting itself in a wonderful manner to the mood of the moment. "What have ye to say, ye rebellious children, why vengeance should not be done upon ye?"

For some time there was no answer, but at last one of the men, a fine, broad chested fellow, well on in middle life, with deep graven features and an eye like a hawk's, spoke, and said that the orders that they had received were not to harm the white men; nothing was said of their black servant, so, egged on thereto by a woman who was now dead, they proceeded to try to hot pot him after the ancient and honorable custom of their country, with a view of eating him in due course. As for their attack upon ourselves, it was made in an access of sudden fury, and they deeply regretted it. He ended by humbly praying that mercy might be extended to them, or at least that they might be banished into the swamps, to live or die as it might chance; but I saw on his face that he had but little hope of mercy.

Then came a pause, and the most intense silence reigned over the whole scene, which, illuminated as it was by the flickering lamps that struck out broad patterns of light and shadow upon the rocky walls, was as strange a one as I ever saw, even in that weird land. There, seated in her barbaric chair above them all, with myself at her feet, was the veiled white woman, whose awesome power seemed to shine about her like a halo. Never have I seen her veiled shape look more terrible than it did in that space, while she gathered herself up, as it were for vengeance.

At last it came.

"Dogs and serpents," She began in a low voice that gradually gathered power as she went on till the place rang with it, "eaters of human flesh, two things have ye done. First, ye have attacked these strangers, being white men, and would have slain their servant, and for that alone death is your reward. But that is not all. Ye have dared to disobey me. Did I not send my word unto ye by Billali, my servant, and the father of your household? Hath it not been taught to ye from childhood that the law of She is an ever fixed law, and that he who breaketh it by so much as one jot or tittle shall perish? And is not my lightest word a law? Have not your fathers taught ye this, I say, whilst as yet ye were but children? Well do ye know it, ye wicked ones. But ye are all evil—evil to the core, the wickedness bubbles up in ye like a fountain in the spring time. And now because ye have done this thing, because ye have striven to put these men, my guests, to death, and yet more because ye have dared to disobey my word, this is the doom that I doom ye to. That ye be taken to the cave of torture, and given over to the torturers to work their will upon ye, and that on the going down of to-morrow's sun those of ye who yet remain alive be slain by the hot pot, as ye would have slain the servant of this my guest."

She ceased and a faint murmur of horror ran round the cave. As for the victims, as soon as they realized the full hideousness of their doom their stoicism forsook them, and they flung themselves down upon the ground and wept and implored for mercy in a way that was dreadful to behold. I, too, turned to Ayesha and begged her to spare them, or at least to mete out their fate in some less awful way. But she was hard as adamant about it.

"My Holly," she said, again speaking in Greek, which, to tell the truth, although I have always been considered a good scholar of the language as most, I found it rather difficult to follow, chiefly because of the change in the fall of the accent—Ayesha, of course, talked with the accent of her contemporaries, whereas we have only tradition and the modern accent to guide us as to the exact pronunciation—"my Holly, it cannot be. Were I to show mercy to those wolves your lives would not be safe among this people for a day. Thou knowest them not. They are tigers to lap blood, and even now they hunger after your lives. How thinkest thou that I rule this people? I have but a regiment of guards to do my bidding, therefore it is not by force. It is by terror. Nay, the men must die, and die as I have said." Then turning suddenly to the captain of the guard, "My word is spoken—let my doom be done."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE TOMBS OF KOR.

After the prisoners had been removed, Ayesha waved her hand, and the spectators turned round and began to crawl off down the cave like a scattered flock of sheep. When they got a fair distance from the dais, however, they rose and walked away, leaving the queen and myself alone, with the exception of the mutes and a few guards, most of the latter having departed with the doomed men. Thinking this a good opportunity, I asked She to come and see Leo, telling her of his serious condition; but she would not, saying that he certainly would not die before the night, as people never died of that sort of fever except at nightfall or dawn. Also she said that it would be better to let the fever spend its course as much as possible before she cured it. Accordingly I was rising to leave when she bade me follow her, as she would talk with me and show me the wonders of the caves.

I was too much involved in the web of her fatal fascinations to say her nay, even if I had wished to, which I did not. She rose from her chair and, making some signs to the mutes, descended from the dais. Thereon four of the girls took lamps, and ranged themselves two in front and two behind but the others went away.

"Now," she said, "wouldst thou see some of the wonders of this place, O Holly? Look upon this great cave. Saw ye ever the like? Yet was it, and many more like it, hollowed by the hands of the dead race that once lived here in the city on the plain. A great and a wonderful people must they have been, those men of Kor, but, like the Egyptians, they thought more of the dead than the living. How many men, think ye, working for how many years, did it require to hollow out this cave and all the galleries thereof?"

"Tens of thousands," I answered.

"So, O Holly. This people was an old people before the Egyptians were. A little can I read of their inscriptions, having found the key thereto—and, see here, this was one of the last of the caves that they dug," and turning to the rock behind her, she motioned the mutes to hold up the lamps. Carven over the dais was the figure of an old man seated in a chair, with an ivory rod in his hand. It struck me that his features were exceedingly like those of the man who was represented as being embalmed in the chamber where we took our meals. Beneath the chair—which, by the way, was shaped exactly like the one in which Ayesha had sat to give judgment—was a short inscription in the extraordinary characters of which I have already spoken, but which I do not remember sufficient of to illustrate. It looked more like Chinese writing than any other that I am acquainted with. This inscription Ayesha proceeded, with some difficulty and hesitation, to read aloud and translate. It ran as follows:

"In the year 4259 from the founding of the city of imperial Kor was this cave (or burial place) completed by Tisno, king of Kor, the people thereof and their slaves having labored thereat for three generations, to be a tomb for their citizens of rank who shall come after. May the blessing of the heaven rest upon their work, and make the sleep of Tisno, the mighty monarch, the likeness of whose features is graven above, a sound and happy sleep till the day of awakening, and also the sleep of his servants, and of those of his race, who, rising up after him, shall yet lay their heads as low."

"Thou seest, O Holly," she said, "this people founded the city, of which the ruins yet cumber the plain yonder, 4,000 years before this cave was finished. Yet when first I saw it, 2,000 years ago, was it even as it is now. Judge, therefore, how old must the place have been! And now follow thou me, and I will show thee after what fashion this great city fell when the time was come for it to fall," and she led the way down to the center of the cave, and stopped at a spot where a round rock had been let into a sort of large man hole in the flooring, accurately filling it just as the iron plates fill the spaces in the London pavements down which the coals are thrown. "Thou seest," she said. "Tell me, what is it?"

"Nay, I know not," I answered, whereon she crossed to the left hand side of the cave (looking toward the entrance), and bid the mutes hold up the lamps. On the wall something was painted with a red pigment in similar characters to those hewn beneath the sculpture of Tisno, king of Kor. This she proceeded to translate to me, the pigment still being quite fresh enough to show the form of the letters.

"I, Junis, a priest of the great Temple of Kor, write this upon the rock in the year 4803 from the founding of Kor. Kor is fallen! No more shall the mighty feast in her halls, no more shall she rule the world, and her navies go out to commerce with the world. Kor is fallen, and her mighty works, and all the cities of Kor, and all the harbors that she built and the canals that she made are for the wolf and the owl and the wild swan, and the barbarian who comes after. Twenty and five moons ago did a cloud settle upon Kor, and the hundred cities of Kor, and out of the cloud came a pestilence that slew her people, old and young, one with another, and spared not. One with another they turned black and died—the young and the old, the rich and the poor, the man and the woman, the prince and the slave. The pestilence slew and slew, and ceased not by day or by night, and those who escaped from the pestilence were slain of the famine. No longer could the bodies of the children of Kor be preserved according to the ancient rites, because of the number of the dead, therefore were they hurled into the great pit beneath the cave, through the hole in the cave. Then, at last, a remnant of this the great people, the light of the whole world, went down to the coast and took ship and sailed northward, and now am I, the priest of Junis, who write this, the last man left alive out of this great city of men, but whether there be any yet left in the other cities I know not. This do I write in misery of heart before I die, because Kor the imperial is no more, and because there are none to worship in her temple, and all her palaces are empty, and her princes and her traders and her fair women have passed off the face of the earth."

I gave a sigh of astonishment, the utter desolation depicted in this rude scrawl was so overpowering. It was terrible to think of this solitary survivor of a mighty people recording its fate before he, too, went down into darkness. What must the old man have felt as, in ghastly, terrifying solitude, by the light of one lamp feebly illuminating a little space of gloom, he in a few brief lines daubed the history of his nation's death upon the cavern wall? What a subject for the moralist, or the painter, or, indeed, for any one who can think!

I followed her on to a side passage opening out of the main cave, then down a great number of steps and along an underground shaft that could not have been less than sixty feet beneath the surface of the rock, and was ventilated by curious borings that ran upward, I do not know where. Suddenly the passage ended, and she halted, and bade the mutes hold up the lamps, and I saw such a scene as I am not likely to see again. We were standing in an enormous pit, or rather on the edge of it, for it went down deeper—I don't know how much—than where we were, and was edged in with a low wall of rock. So far as I could judge the pit was about the size of the space beneath the dome of St. Paul's, and when the lamps were held up I saw that it was nothing but one vast charnel house, being literally full of thousands of human skeletons, which lay piled up in an enormous gleaming pyramid, formed by the slipping down of the bodies from the apex as fresh ones were dropped in from above. Anything more appalling than this jumbled mass of the remains of a departed race I cannot imagine, and what made it even more dreadful was that in this dry air a good number of the bodies had simply become desiccated, with the skin on them, and now, fixed in every conceivable position, stared at one out of the heaps of white bones, grotesquely horrible caricatures of humanity. In my astonishment I made an ejaculation, and the echoes of my voice ringing in the vaulted place disturbed a skull that had been accurately balanced for many thousands of years near the apex of the pile. Down it came with a run, bounding along merrily toward us, and of course bringing an avalanche of other bones after it, till at last the whole place rattled with their movement, as though the skeletons were getting up to greet us.

"Come," I said, "I have seen enough. These are the bodies of those who died of the great sickness, I suppose?" I added, as we turned away.

"Yes. The people of Kor always embalmed their dead, like the Egyptians, but their art was greater than the art of the Egyptians, because whereas the Egyptians disemboweled and drew the brain, the people of Kor injected fluid into the veins, and thus reached every part. But stay thou shalt see," and she halted at hap-hazard at one of the little door-ways opening out of the passage along which we were walking, and motioned to the mutes to light us in. We entered into a little chamber similar to the one in which I had slept at our first stopping-place, only there were two stone benches or beds in it. On the benches lay figures covered with yellow linen, on which a fine and impalpable dust had gathered in the course of ages, but nothing like to the extent that one would have anticipated, for in these deep-hewn caves there was no material to turn to dust. About the bodies on the stone shelves and floor of the tomb were many painted vases, but I saw very few ornaments in any of the vaults.

"Lift the cloth up, oh, Holly," she said but though I put out my hand to do so, I drew it back again. It seemed like sacrilege, and to speak the truth I was awed by the dread solemnity of the place, and of the presences before us. Then with a little laugh at my fears she drew it herself, only to discover another and yet finer cloth lying over the forms upon the stone bench. This also she withdrew, and then for the first time for thousands upon thousands of years did living eyes look upon the faces of those chilly dead. It was a woman; she might have been thirty-five years of age, or perhaps a little less, and had certainly been beautiful. Even now her calm clear-cut features, marked out with delicate black eyebrows and long eyelashes that threw little lines of shadow from the lamp upon the ivory face were wonderfully beautiful. There, robed in white, down which her blue-black hair was streaming, she slept her last long sleep, and on her arm, its face pressed against her breast, there lay a little babe. So sweet was the sight, although so awful, that—I confess it without shame—I could scarcely withhold my tears. It took one back across the dim gulf of the ages to some happy home in dead Imperial Kor, where this winsome lady, girt about with beauty, had lived and died, and, dying, taken her last-born with her to the tomb. There they were, mother and babe, the white memories of a forgotten human history speaking more eloquently to the heart than could any written record of their lives. Reverently I replaced the grave cloths, and with a sigh that flowers so fair should, in the purpose of the Everlasting, have only bloomed to be gathered to the grave, I turned to the body on the opposite shelf, and gently unveiled it. It was that of a man in advanced life, with a long grizzled beard, and also robed in white, probably the husband of the lady, who, after surviving her many years, came at last to sleep once more for good and all beside her.

We left the place and entered others. It would be too long to describe the many things I saw in them. Each one had its occupants, for the five hundred and odd years that had elapsed between the completion of the cave and the destruction of the race had evidently sufficed to fill these catacombs, numberless as they were, and each appeared to have been undisturbed since the day that it were laid there. I could fill a book with the description of them, but to do so would only be to repeat what I have said with variations.

"Hast thou seen enough, my stranger guest, or shall I show thee more of the wonders of these tombs that are my palace halls? If thou wilt I can lead thee to where Tisno, the mightiest and most valorous king of Kor, in whose day these caves were finished, lies in a pomp that seems to mock at nothingness, and bid the empty shadows of the past do homage to his sculptured vanity."

"I have seen enough, O queen," I answered. "My feeble breast is overwhelmed by the strength of the present Death. Mortality is weak, and easily broken down by a sense of the companionship that waits upon its end. Take me hence, O Ayesha."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE BALANCE TURNS.

In a few minutes, following the lamps of the mutes, that, held out from the body as a bearer holds water in a vessel, had the appearance of floating down the darkness by themselves, we came to a stair which led into She's anteroom, the same that Billali had crept up upon all fours on the previous day. Here I would have bid the queen adieu, but she would not.

"Nay," she said, "enter with me, O Holly, for of a truth thy conversation pleaseth me. Think, O Holly, for 2,000 years have I had none to converse with save slaves and my own thoughts, and though of all this thinking hath much wisdom come, and many secrets been made plain, yet I am weary of my thoughts, and have come to loathe mine own society, for surely the food that memory gives to eat is bitter to the taste, and it is only with the teeth of hope that we can bear to bite it. Now, though thy thoughts are green and tender, as becometh one so young, yet are they those of a thinking brain, and in truth thou dost bring back to my mind certain of those old philosophers with whom in days bygone I have disputed at Athens and in Arabia, for thou hast the same crabbed air and dusty look as though thou hadst passed thy days in reading ill writ Greek and been stained dark with the grime of manuscripts. So draw the curtain, and sit here by my side, and we will eat fruit and talk of pleasant things. See, I will again unveil to thee. Thou hast brought it on thyself, O Holly, fairly have I warned thee, and thou shalt call me beautiful, as even those old philosophers were wont to do. Fy upon them, forgetting their philosophy!"

And without more ado she stood up and shook the white wrappings from her, and came forth shining and splendid like some glittering snake when she has cast her slough; ay, and fixed her wonderful eyes upon me—more deadly than any basilisk's—and pierced me through and through with their beauty, and sent her light laugh ringing through the air like chimes of silver bells.

A new mood was on her, and the very color of her mind seemed to change beneath it. It was no longer torture torn and hateful, as I had seen it when she was cursing her dead rival by the leaping flames, no longer icily terrible, as in the judgment hall, no longer rich and somber and splendid, like a Tyrian cloth, as in the dwellings of the dead. No, her mood now was that of Aphrodite triumphing. Life—radiant, ecstatic, wonderful—seemed to flow from her and around her. Softly she laughed and sighed, and swift her glances flew. She shook her heavy tresses and their perfume filled the place; she struck her little sandaled foot upon the floor and hummed a snatch of some old Greek epithalamium. All the majesty was gone, or did but lurk and faintly flicker through her laughing eyes, like lightning seen through sunlight. She had cast off the terror of the leaping flame, the cold power of judgment that was even now being done, and the wise sadness of the tombs—cast them off and put them behind her, like the white shroud she wore, and now stood out the incarnation of lovely, tempting womanhood, made more perfect—and in a way more spiritual—than ever woman was before.

"There, my Holly, sit there where thou canst see me. It is by thy own wish, remember, again I say, blame me not if thou dost spend the rest of thy little span with such a sick pain at the heart that thou wouldst fain have died before ever thy curious eyes were set upon me. There, sit so, and tell me, for in truth I am inclined for praises—tell me, am I not beautiful? Nay, speak not so hastily, consider well the point, take me feature by feature, forgetting not my form, and my hands and feet, and my hair, and the whiteness of my skin, and then tell me truly hast thou ever known a woman who in aught, ay, in one little portion of her beauty, in the curve of an eyelash even, or the modeling of a shell like ear, is justified to hold a light before my loveliness?"

I could stand it no longer. Then and there I fell upon my knees before her, and told her in a sad mixture of languages—for such moments confuse the thoughts—that I worshiped her as never woman was worshiped, and that I would give my immortal soul to marry her—which at that time I certainly would have done, and so, indeed, would any other man, or all the race of men rolled into one. For the moment she looked a little surprised, and then she began to laugh and clap her hands in glee.

"Oh, so soon, O Holly!" she said. "I wondered how many minutes it would take to bring thee to thy knees. I have not seen a man kneel before me for so many days, and, believe me, to a woman's heart the sight is sweet, ay, wisdom and length of days take not from that dear pleasure, which is our sex's only right.

"What wouldst thou?—what wouldst thou? Thou dost not know what thou doest. Have I not told thee that I am not for thee? I love but one and it is not thee. Ah, Holly, for all thy wisdom—and in a way thou art wise—thou art but a fool running after folly. Thou wouldst look into mine eyes—thou wouldst kiss me! Well, if it pleaseth thee, look," and she bent herself toward me and fixed her dark and thrilling orbs upon my own; "ay, and kiss, too, if thou wilt; for, thanks be given to the scheme of things, kisses leave no marks except upon the heart. But if thou dost kiss, I tell thee of a surety wilt thou eat out thy heart for love of me and die!" and she bent yet farther toward me, till her soft hair brushed my brow and her fragrant breath played upon my face and made me faint and weak. Then, of a sudden, even as I stretched out my arms to clasp, she straightened herself, and a quick change came over her. Reaching out her hand she held it over my head, and it seemed to me that something flowed from it that chilled me back to common sense and a knowledge of propriety and the domestic virtues.

"Enough of this wanton play," she said, with a touch of sternness. "Listen, Holly. Thou art a good and honest man, and I fain would spare thee; but, oh! it is so hard for a woman to be merciful. I have said I am not for thee, therefore let thy thoughts pass by me like an idle wind, and the dust of thy imagination sink again into the depths—well, of despair, if thou wilt. Thou didst not know me, Holly. Hadst thou seen me but ten hours ago, when my passion seized me, thou hadst shrunk from me in fear and trembling. I am a woman of many moods, and, like the water in that vessel, I reflect many things; but they pass, my Holly—they pass, and are forgotten. Only the water is the water still, and I still am I, and that which maketh the water maketh it, and that which maketh me maketh me, nor can my quality be altered. Therefore pay no heed to what I seem, seeing that thou canst not know what I am. If thou troublest me again I will veil myself, and thou shalt behold my face no more."

I rose, and sunk on the cushioned couch beside her, yet quivering with emotion, though for a moment my mad passion had left me, as the leaves of a tree quiver still, although the gust be gone that stirred them. I did not dare to tell her that I had seen her in that deep and hellish mood, muttering incantations to the fire in the tomb.

"So," she went on, "now eat some fruit, believe me, it is the only true food for man. Oh, tell me of the philosophy of the Hebrew Messiah, who came after me, and who thou sayest doth now rule Rome and Greece and Egypt and the barbarians beyond. It must have been a strange philosophy that He taught, for in my day the people would have naught of our philosophies. Revel and lust and drink, blood and cold steel, and the shock of men gathered in the battle—these were the canons of their creeds."

I had recovered myself a little by now, and, feeling bitterly ashamed of the weakness into which I had been betrayed, I did my best to expound to her the doctrines of Christianity, to which, however, with the single exception of heaven and hell, I found that she paid but faint attention, her interest being all directed toward the Man who taught them.

"Ah!" she said, "I see—a new religion! I have known so many, and doubtless there have been many more since I knew aught beyond these caves of Kor. Mankind asks ever of the skies to vision out what lies behind them. It is terror for the end, and but a subtler form of selfishness—this is what breeds religions. Mark, my Holly, each religion claims the future for its followers, or, at the least, the good thereof. The evil is for those benighted ones who will have none of it, seeing the light the true believers worship, as the fishes see the stars, but dimly. The religions come and the religions pass, and civilizations come and pass, and naught endures but the world and human nature. Ah! if man would but see that hope is from within and not from without—that he himself must work out his own salvation! He is there, and within him is the breath of life, and a knowledge of good and evil, as good and evil are to him. Thereon let him build and stand erect, and not cast himself before the image of some unknown God, modeled like himself, but with a bigger brain to think evil and a longer arm to do it."

I thought to myself—which shows how old such reasoning is, being, indeed, one of the recurring quantities of theological discussion—that her argument sounded very like some I have heard in the Nineteenth century, and in other places than the caves of Kor, and with which, by the way, I personally disagree, but I did not dare to try and discuss the question with her. To begin with, my mind was too weary with all the emotions through which I had passed; and in the second place, I knew that I should get the worst of it. It is hard enough to argue with an ordinary materialist, who hurls statistics and whole strata of geological facts at your head, whilst you can only buffet him with deductions and instincts and the snowflakes of faith, that are, alas, so apt to melt in the hot embers of our troubles. How little chance, then, should I have against one whose brain was supernaturally sharpened, who had 2,000 years of experience, besides all manner of knowledge of the secrets of nature at her command! Feeling that she would be more likely to convert me than I should to convert her, I thought it best to leave the matter alone, and so sat silent. Many a time since then have I bitterly regretted that I did so, for thereby I lost the only opportunity I can remember having had of ascertaining what Ayesha really believed.

"Well, my Holly, art thou tired of me already, that thou dost sit so silent?" she said presently, with a little yawn. "Faithless man! And but half an hour since thou wast upon thy knees—the posture does not suit thee, Holly—swearing that thou didst love me. What shall we do? Nay, I have it. I will come and see this youth, the Lion, as the old man Billali calls him, who came with thee, and who is now so sick. The fever must have run its course by now, and if he is about to die I will recover him. Fear not, my Holly, I shall use no magic. Have I not told thee that there is no such thing as magic, though there is such a thing as understanding and applying the forces which are in nature? Go now, and presently, when I have made the drug ready, I will follow thee."

Accordingly I went, only to find Job and Ustane in a great state of grief, and declaring that Leo was in the throes of death, and that they had been searching for me everywhere. I rushed to the couch, and glanced at him. Clearly he was dying. He was senseless and breathing heavily, but his lips were quivering, and every now and again a little shudder ran down his frame. I knew enough of doctoring to see that in another hour he would be beyond the reach of earthly help—perhaps in another five minutes. How I cursed my selfishness, and the folly that had kept me lingering by Ayesha's side while my dear boy lay dying! Alas! and alas! how easily the best of us are lighted down to evil by the gleam of a woman's eyes! What a wicked wretch was I! Actually for the last half hour I had scarcely thought of Leo, and this, be it remembered, of the man who for twenty years had been my dearest companion, and the one interest of my existence. And now perhaps it was too late!

I wrung my hands and glanced round. Ustane was sitting by the couch, and in her eyes burned the dull light of despair. Job was blubbering—I am sorry I cannot call his distress by any more delicate word—audibly in the corner. Seeing my eye fixed upon him he went outside to give way to his grief in the passage. Obviously the only hope lay in Ayesha. She, and she alone—unless indeed she was an impostor, which I could not believe—could save him. I would go and implore her to come. As I started to do so, however, Job came flying into the room, his hair literally standing on end with terror.

"Oh, God help us, sir!" he ejaculated in a frightened whisper, "here's a corpse coming sliding down the passage."

For a moment I was puzzled, but presently, of course, it struck me that he must have seen Ayesha, wrapped in her grave like garment, and been deceived by the extraordinary undulating smoothness of her walk into a belief that she was a white ghost gliding toward him. Indeed, at that very moment the question was settled, for Ayesha herself was in the apartment, or rather cave. Job turned and saw her sheeted form, and then, with a convulsive howl of "Here it comes!" sprang into a corner, and jammed his face against the wall, and Ustane, guessing whose the dread presence must be, prostrated herself upon her face.

"Thou comest in a good time, Ayesha," I said, "for my boy lies at the point of death."

"So," she said, softly, "provided he be not dead, it is no matter, for I can bring him back to life, my Holly. Is that man there thy servant? and is that the method wherewith thy servants greet strangers in thy country?"

"He is frightened of thy garb, it hath a death like air," I answered.

She laughed.

"And the girl? Ah, I see now. It is she of whom thou didst speak to me. Well, bid them both to leave us, and we will see to this sick Lion of thine. I love not that underlings should perceive my wisdom."

Thereon I told Ustane in Arabic and Job in English both to leave the room—an order which the latter obeyed readily enough and was glad to obey, for he could not in any way subdue his fear. But it was otherwise with Ustane.

"What does She want?" she whispered, divided between her fear of the terrible queen and her anxiety to remain near Leo. "It is surely right of a wife to be near her husband when he dieth. Nay, I will not go, my lord the Baboon."

"Why doth not that woman leave us, my Holly?" asked Ayesha, from the other end of the cave, where she was engaged in carelessly examining some sculptures on the wall.

"She doth not like to leave Leo," I answered, not knowing what to say. Ayesha wheeled round, and, pointing to the girl Ustane, said one word, and one only, but it was quite

[CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.]

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L. RHOADS, Editor and Proprietor.

Smethport, Pa., June 24, 1887.

REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.

HEADQUARTERS REPUBLICAN STATE COMMITTEE, Philadelphia, June [illegible] 1887.

The Republican State Convention will be held in the Opera House at Harrisburg, on the third Wednesday of August, the 17th, 1887, at 10 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of nominating candidates for State Treasurer and a Judge of the Supreme Court, and for the transaction of other business.

The attention of [illegible] throughout the State is respectfully directed to the following [illegible]

First. [illegible]

Second. [illegible] State Convention of the Republican party shall be held [illegible] third Wednesday of August [illegible] thirty days [illegible]

Third. That we recommend to the county [illegible]

[illegible] delegates [illegible] the approaching State Convention will be [illegible] according to the number of Representatives [illegible] Legislature [illegible]

THOMAS V. COOPER, Chairman.

[illegible] pertinently directs the attention of President Cleveland to this bit of choice wisdom from Josh Billings: "The time to set a hen is when the hen is ready to set."

THE revenue derived from the Dow liquor tax in Youngstown and Mahoning county this year will amount to $[illegible]5,595.85, as shown by the books in the Auditor's office. Of the amounts collected $15,000 will be turned into the city treasury, paying the salaries of the entire police force. The County Commissioners estimate that they will receive sufficient from the liquor tax so that no levy will be necessary the coming year for the poor fund.

THE friends of Hon. Alfred Hand, President Judge of the Forty Fifth (Lackawanna county) Judicial District are pressing his appointment for the vacancy upon the Supreme bench occasioned by the death of Judge Mercur. Judge Hand is one of the ablest Common Pleas Judges of the State and he would stand a good chance of being the nominee of the Republican party this fall, were not the northern and western counties nearly unanimous in their desire for the nomination of Judge Williams of Tioga county.

A SINGULAR series of marriages has furnished amusement for the people of Fayette county, Georgia, in the last two years. There were five Hamby boys and the same number of Starnes girls. As the Hamby boys began marrying Mr. Starnes's daughters in succession he protested, but in vain. The last couple eloping to be married Saturday, Mr. Starnes seeing himself thus outwitted, went to the house of Mrs. Hamby, the mother, and almost by force put her in his buggy and, riding off to Fayetteville, married her, thus completing the circle of a family union.

IT was only when Sumpter was fired on that the country rallied around the flag as manfully as now. In every part of the loyal north, Cleveland's doughfaceism had caused an indignant protest to go up. It had been a long time since the last exhibition of doughfaceism was seen. In the war doughfaceism became Copperheadism. Cleveland is endowed with both qualities, and in his flag order they were conspicuously manifest. No man with a true heart on the subject of the Union would have made that order. This is the conviction of the country to-day.—*Pittsburgh Times.*

THE S[illegible] suggests that the Republican County Convention for the nomination of a county ticket, as well as to select delegates to the State Convention, be held some time prior to the convening of the latter body. The State Convention meets on the 17th of August, at least a month before the county ticket should be in the field. This is the feeling of the Republicans in this section of the county so far as we have been able to ascertain it, and particularly with those gentlemen who hope to have a place on the ticket. Six weeks is ample time for a man to canvass the county, particularly in an off year.

MAJOR JNO. H. POMEROY, for a number of years editor of the *Franklin Repository*, of Chambersburg, died suddenly from heart failure while walking to his home in that place at noon on Monday last. He had been in declining health for a number of years and several times had been stricken down with heart trouble. He was well known throughout the State and was some years prominent in Republican politics. He had an active career as merchant, member of the Legislature for three terms, paymaster in the army and editor from 1871 to 1881 of the *Repository*. From 1853 to 1861 he resided in Philadelphia, and afterwards in Chester. His birthplace was Shippensburg, Cumberland county. He was in the 65th year of his age.

THE first train that ever ran, or attempted to run west of the Allegheny mountains, with crude petroleum as the only fuel in its locomotive tender and fire box was the mail train west on the Pennsylvania Railroad, that arrived in Pittsburgh last Friday night. It ran through from Altoona on time and without a stick of timber or a shovelful of coal to make steam for its motor. There was entire uniformity of heat in the fire-box without any stroking to make it. The pipes from the 200 gallons of crude oil in a tank in the tender supplied the power. The process is the invention of a Russian scientist, Dr. Dudley, of the Altoona shops, has been developing it for the Pennsylvania Railroad. This process will prove a great saving to the railroad companies both in the use of fuel and the employment of men as firemen, etc. It will also make a great consumer of oil.

THE *Penny Press*, of Pittsburgh, claims that the Revenue bill is a law because of section 15 of article 4 of the Constitution, which reads as follows:

"Every bill which shall have passed both Houses shall be presented to the Governor; if he approve, he shall sign it; but if he shall not approve, he shall return it, with his objections. * * * If any bill shall not be returned by the Governor within ten days after it shall have been presented to him, the same shall be a law, in like manner as if he had signed it, unless the General Assembly, by their adjournment, prevent its return, unless he shall file the same, with his objections, in the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth, and give notice thereof by public proclamation within 30 days after such adjournment."

But where is the evidence that the bill has passed both Houses? The Governor cannot take it for granted that a bill was passed because it reaches him through the proper channels. There are certain requirements that must be gone through with during its passage, one of which is contained in section 9 of article 3 of the Constitution, which reads as follows:

The presiding officer of each House shall, in the presence of the House over which he presides, sign all bills and joint resolutions passed by the General Assembly, after their titles have been publicly read immediately before signing, and the fact of signing shall be entered upon the journal.

The trouble with the Revenue bill is that the foregoing provision of the Constitution was not complied with. The presiding officer of the Senate did not sign the bill nor does the journal of the Senate show that he did. This omission is fatal to the bill. It is no law, and will never be declared such by the Supreme Court.

THE effort to fix the responsibility for the loss of the Revenue bill upon Secretary of the Commonwealth Stone, is to say the least, absurd. It is on a par with the other statement, that Lieutenant Governor Davies was in the chair when the bill was presented for signature, when in fact he was attending a meeting of the Board of Pardons, of which he is a member. When a bill is prepared and ready for the State Department it is taken to the office of the Chief Clerk of that department and placed in his custody. It remains in his hands until the Governor is ready to examine it. The Secretary of the Commonwealth assists the Governor in the examination of bills when requested to do so and not until then. In the case of the Revenue Bill, Mr. Stone says he did not see it until the Governor called his attention to the fact that it had not been signed by the presiding officer of the Senate. No one who knows the Secretary doubts the truth of that statement. If any one in the State Department can be blamed for not knowing that the bill was not properly signed it is Chief Clerk H. D. Tate. The bill was in his hands twenty four hours before final adjournment and it is at least strange that he did not see that so important a bill was not properly signed.

A GOOD many people believed, when the order first appeared for sending back the captured rebel flags to the States from whence they came, that it was a canard. It did not seem possible that a man occupying the responsible and exalted position of President of the United States could contemplate so dastardly an outrage upon the people of this country. We did not believe it consequently we paid no attention to the first report which reached us just before going to press on Thursday of last week. But it proved to be true. Grover Cleveland coolly directed the Adjutant General of the Army to gather up these trophies of war for which the best blood of this nation had been shed and turn them over to the men from whom they were captured. This order roused a feeling of indignation throughout the North such as has not been witnessed since Sumter was fired upon, and Cleveland was compelled to take water: the order was countermanded. But it had accomplished its purpose. Cleveland is solid with the South and will have the united support of that section for a re-nomination. But is he solid with the democratic veterans of the North? Time will tell.

ONE of the largest and most glaring pension frauds ever perpetrated on the U. S. Government recently came to light in Elmira, N. Y. A man by the name of Frank Patterson claimed to have become blind while on picket duty in the army. He failed to find his way back to his regiment but finally, after wandering around for months, got back to his home in Elmira. He was returned as a deserter on the records of the War Department, but through the efforts of a Dr. Mills he finally received a pension of $13,122. A man by the name of Miller was used to make the affidavits necessary to secure the pension and he was to have something over a thousand dollars for his portion of the swag. When the money was received both Mills and Patterson refused to pay Miller what they had agreed to, when the latter exposed the whole transaction. Patterson did not become blind nor suffer any other ailment from army service and the probabilities are that the whole gang will land in the penitentiary.

THE Governor and other friends of Judge Williams, are of the opinion that it would injure rather than promote his chances for a nomination by the Republican State Convention, to appoint him to fill the vacancy on the Supreme bench in advance of the action of the Convention. It would create jealousies which would militate against his nomination, therefore if an appointment is made it will not be Judge Williams.

HON. WILLIAM E. CHANDLER, one of the brightest and brainiest men and truest Republicans of the New England States, was elected to the United States Senate by the New Hampshire Legislature a few days since, and the Democratic papers of the country have been going into spasms ever since.

THE fiftieth anniversary of the reign of Queen Victoria was celebrated in London on Tuesday last amid the plaudits and general rejoicings of her subjects. It was estimated that a million strangers visited the British metropolis on that day.

FROM THE STATE CAPITAL.

[From our own correspondent.]

HARRISBURG, June 21.—On Friday of last week Governor Beaver completed all the legislative work remaining in his hands and celebrated the event by disposing of twenty-three bills in one batch, four of which he approved and vetoed nineteen. Among the latter were a number for improvements at charity institutions, which were vetoed under one general head, the necessity for economy in the distribution of the State's money. However, the Executive Mansion improvement scheme (Governor Beaver resides there) and the Pennsylvania Agricultural College (Governor Beaver President) will be repaired and new new buildings erected at a cost of a good many thousand dollars. In one of the veto messages the Governor expressed his determination to disapprove all appropriations for new building or extensions, to charity and other properties, because economy would have to be used, and it does seem when reading many of the reasons given for withholding Executive approval to appropriation bills, that the vetoes do not rise to the dignity of faultless State documents, there is a vein of inconsistency running through many of them, but the Governor has his last say and it is final.

On Saturday morning Deputy Secretary of State Longnecker, proclaimed all approved bills, from the portico of the State House and declared them laws. Among the number was the bill to give the McKean and Potter county Judicial District an additional Law Judge for one term, and also the bill appropriating $5,000 to the Bradford City Hospital.

No doubt McKean county felt the shock which shook up the loyal northern States and which was central at Washington, D. C., when a proposition was sanctioned to return to the States lately in rebellion, the rebel flags that the Union boys captured in battle. Harrisburg veterans were up in arms and protested, in no uncertain words, their opposition to such return. The project was not received here in the spirit that was hoped would prevail, and the "vets," irrespective of political party, condemned the proposition. Doubtless the rebels would delight to parade these trophies to incite the south to renewed love for the lost cause, but too many loyal lives were sacrificed in their capture to permit those emblems of the darkest days of our grand old Union's history to be paraded again in the hands of those who carried and lost them in their attempt to dissolve the government of the grandest Nation on God's footstool. Whatever the promptings or motive, the loyal north spoke in thunder terms of disapproval and the order for the surrender of the flags was promptly recalled. It sometimes looks as if the surrender at the old apple tree at Appomattox was not to be the final scene of a once rebellious south. Burn the old captured rags if you will, but never return them to be flaunted in public parade by the hands that lost them in a defeated rebellion.

The political leaders are preparing for the battle of this fall. The Republican nominee for State Treasurer it is very generally conceded will be Captain W. B. Hart of Harrisburg. At least that part of the State is for Captain Hart as against any one else.

No doubt the Governor's appointee to fill the late Judge Mercur's place, will be the nominee of the Republican Convention for Supreme Court Judge. The latest name urged upon Governor Beaver for the vacancy now existing on the Supreme bench is that of Hon. David B. Green, at present Associate Judge of Schuylkill county. A committee of lawyers from the Schuylkill county bar called on Governor Beaver on Friday last, and presented this new name. It is reported that Governor Beaver would not give any assurance of favorable action in this case but intimated that it would be indecorous to fill the place so soon after Judge Mercur's decease. Common courtesy would dictate, at least a respectable season of mourning, so thinks Governor Beaver. Judge Williams, of Tioga county, will doubtless be appointed to the vacancy.

Philadelphia is urging the Governor to make no appointment until after the Republican Convention in August.

Democracy's plans for this fall do not appear to be formulated as yet. The press of that party is too busy discussing Republican probabilities to devote much time to the discussion of their own affairs.

The Knights of Labor of Dauphin county propose to enter the race this fall, with a full county ticket, and for this purpose have called a meeting to be held in Millersburg to perfect arrangements.

The jolly editors of the Pennsylvania Editorial Association rendezvoused in Harrisburg last evening preparing to start on their annual summer excursion.

This year the excursionists take in Luray Caverns and Virginia's Natural Bridge. The membership of the Editorial Association Tourists, is considerably larger this year than ever before and everybody will join in wishing the knights of scissors and paste pot a jolly good time, and a safe return to their homes, benefitted by their weeks' outing. ALLBOTT.

The Cleveland Climax.

Mr. Cleveland cannot be said to have sprung the disgraceful order for the return of the rebel flags upon the American people. He led up to it. He had prepared the boys in blue and other patriotic Americans for that superb feat of toadyism to the lost cause of rebellion by a series of lesser performances of the same off color.

President Cleveland had suffered a notorious vilifier of the beloved Lincoln to be made a pension clerk.

President Cleveland had allowed the wearer of a scarf-pin which had been fashioned from the skull of a Union soldier to hold a position in one of the departments.

President Cleveland, on the death of "Jake" Thompson, the arch-secessionist who had robbed the Government and conspired to burn Northern cities, had insulted the American flag by having it displayed at half mast over the Interior Department.

President Cleveland had appointed to the Russian Mission a Confederate officer, who evinced his contempt for reconstruction by neglecting or refusing to have his own political disabilities removed.

President Cleveland had written an effusive letter for the unveiling of a monument to Albert Sidney Johnston, the other feature of the exercises being a speech by Jefferson Davis, and Johnston being one of the most conspicuous of the deserters of the United States Army.

President Cleveland, on a similar occasion, had composed another letter intended for the public eye in which John C. Calhoun was commended as a "statesman."

It was by such and many similar steps that President Cleveland reached his climax of applied copperheadism. And because his long suffering, good natured countrymen who are loyal to the backbone paid small heed to what he did, remembering that his own and his party's record rendered his toadying to the South—the old South—the most natural thing in the world, he thought he could venture with impunity to meddle with the flags which Union soldiers had captured from traitors. He knows better now. He does not cut as handsome a figure as he did in Bourbon eyes, but he is wiser than he was. He has aroused the North, and the North has spoken in no uncertain tones. The prompt rescinding of the order is the latest of the many tributes which patriotism has extorted from copperheadism.—*New York Tribune.*

Grant and Lee.

In 1861 Gen. Lee was a colonel of cavalry on leave of absence at his home at Arlington, and U. S. Grant was an humble citizen at Galena, Ill., toiling to support his family. He at first gave little heed to the political murmurs creeping over the land by reason of the election of Mr. Lincoln and the talk of secession at the South, but when the telegraph announced that the United States flag had been fired on in Charleston harbor he roused up, presided at a public meeting of his fellow citizens, instructed them how to organize themselves into a company of soldiers and went along with them to Springfield. In due time he was made a colonel of a regiment of volunteers, conducted it to Missouri, and in December, 1861, reached Cairo, Ill. His career from that day to this is familiar to every schoolboy in the land. He moved in co-operation with the gun boat fleet up the Tennessee to Fort Henry, which was captured, to Fort Donelson, where a fortified place with its entire garrison of 17,000 men surrendered without conditions, then on to Shiloh, where one of the bloodiest and most successful battles of the war was fought, which convinced our Southern brethren, who had been taught that one Southern man was equal to five Yankees, that man to man was all they wanted—then Vicksburg, Chattanooga, everywhere victorious, everywhere successful, fulfilling the wise conclusion of Mr. Lincoln that he wanted "military success." Then he was called for the first time in his life to Washington to command an army of perfect strangers, under new conditions and in a strange country. Casting his thoughts over a continent, giving minute instructions for several distinct armies from the Potomac to the Rio Grand, himself assuming the hardest share, he began a campaign equal in strategy, in logistics and in tactics to any of Napoleon and grander than any ever contemplated by England. His personal attention while crossing the Rapidan in the face of Lee's army fighting him in the Wilderness, forward by the left flank to Spottsylvania, to Richmond and Petersburg, was the sublimity of heroism. Of course he had a superiority of numbers and resources but nothing like the disproportion stated by Gen. Wolseley. At Vicksburg he began in May, 1863, the movement with less numbers than Pemberton surrendered to him along with Vicksburg in July. At Chattanooga he attacked his enemy in the strongest position possible—so strong, in deed, that Bragg, a most thorough and intelligent soldier, regarded it as unassailable and had detached Longstreet's corps to Knoxville, of which mistake Grant took prompt advantage, and I never heard before that Bragg thought the pursuit after his defeat was not quick and good enough to suit him; and, finally, when Lee was forced to flee from his intrenchments at Richmond and Petersburg by Sheridan's bold and skillful action at Five Forks, I believe it is conceded that the pursuit by Sheridan and Grant was so rapid that Lee was compelled to surrender his whole army. Grant's strategy embraced a whole continent; Lee's a small State. Grant's "logistics" were to supply and transport armies thousands of miles, where Lee was limited to hundreds. Grant had to conquer natural obstacles as well as hostile armies and a hostile people; his "tactics" was to fight wherever and whenever he could capture or cripple his adversary and his resources; and when Lee laid down his arms and surrendered, Grant, by the stroke of his pen, on the instant gave him and his men terms so liberally as to disarm all criticism. Between these two men as generals I will not institute a comparison, for the mere statement of the case establishes a contrast.—*North American Review.*

The Plain Facts.

The facts of General Tuttle's action in protesting against the Grand Army Encampment being used to lionize President Cleveland for political purposes should be steadily kept in mind. He went to St. Louis as the Commander of the Iowa Department to aid in making arrangements for the Encampment. He did not originate the protest, as the public has been informed. Colonel Grier, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, had done that before he arrived there. He found the committee divided, with Colonel Grier protesting that the rules of the Grand Army should be adhered to, and that no politician should be given its honors during its Encampment. General Tuttle supported him in this in the usual hearty Iowa manner. This brought on the sharp controversy. For when the Democrats who had been added to the committee of arrangements including some Confederate soldiers, found that their plan to entrap the Union soldier into an endorsement of Cleveland had failed, they became very angry. But General Tuttle told them the Confederates could not play Shiloh upon them again, and steal upon the Union soldiers unawares. The facts were and are that the Grand Army did not invite and has not invited President Cleveland; that was done by the Citizens' committee. The same committee of arrangements insisted that the Democratic Clubs of St. Louis should march in the procession, thus introducing a politician and candidate for re-election and political clubs into the Encampment. This was a participation in politics which had never been permitted and which Colonel Grier and General Tuttle said should not be permitted now. The precedents sustained their position. Two years ago when the Grand Army Encampment was held in Portland, Maine, the local committee had invited Mr. Blaine to help review it. The Grand Army committee vetoed this, and it was not allowed. As they would not allow it as to Mr. Blaine, not a Grand Army man or soldier, it could not allow it as to Mr. Cleveland. What has been done as to Mr. Cleveland was done two years ago as to Blaine. * * *

These are the pure facts. There is no politics in it. No partisan features about it. The Democrats and ex-Confederate element tried to introduce Cleveland for political purposes. The Grand Army men have simply stood to their firm position against introducing politics or politicians of any kind, and have done with Cleveland just as was done with Blaine.—*Iowa State Register.*

SUBSCRIBE for the MINER.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

Notice of Incorporation.

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of Pennsylvania, on Saturday, July 9th, 1887, by James McDade, O. D. Coleman, J. T. Griffith, Rick Donovan and John Fleming, under the Acts of Assembly of April 29, 1874 and May 29, 1885, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation, to be called "THE KANE NATURAL GAS COMPANY," of Kane, the character and object of which is to supply natural gas for the public, at the borough of Kane and to persons, partnerships and associations residing therein and adjacent thereto, as may desire the same, with its principal office at Kane, McKean county, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of said Acts of Assembly and supplements thereto.

GEO. H. BEMIS, Solicitor.

Kane, June 21, 1887—3t

Notice of Incorporation

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of Pennsylvania on Saturday, July 9th, 1887, by James McDade, O. D. Coleman, J. T. Griffith, Rick Donovan and John Fleming, under the Acts of Assembly of April 29, 1874 and May 29, 1885, and the supplements thereto for the charter of an intended corporation, to be called "THE KANE WATER COMPANY," of Kane, the character and object of which is to supply water for the public at the borough of Kane and to persons, partnerships and associations residing therein and adjacent thereto, with its principal office at Kane, McKean county, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of said Acts of Assembly and supplements thereto.

GEO. H. BEMIS, Solicitor.

Kane, June [illegible] 1887.

SMETHPORT, JUNE 21, 1887.

Last week we advertised that we would on Saturday the 18th, (last Saturday) mark all our goods down, even below our usually low prices—make that day a day of special bargains. That was an experiment which proved very satisfactory to our customers and ourselves, and we will continue from now until the close of the season, to make each succeeding Saturday a SPECIAL BARGAIN DAY, when all our goods will be sold even below cost. It has been customary in the past to mark goods down after the season had past. This year we will give our patrons the cheap rates before the season closes. Goods cheap at all times, but especially cheap, even below cost, on every Saturday.

If you desire fashionable goods cheap, give us a call.

MRS. T. D. NASH.

AN ACT

For the encouragement of forest culture and providing penalties for the injury and destruction of forests.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted, &c.*, That, in consideration of the public benefit to be derived from the planting and cultivation of forest or timber trees, the owner or owners of any land in this Commonwealth planted with forest or timber trees, in number not less than twelve hundred to the acre, shall, on making due proof thereof, be entitled to receive annually from the commissioners of their respective counties during the period that the said trees are maintained in sound condition upon the said land the following sums of money:

For a period of ten years after the land has been so planted, a sum equal to [illegible] all the taxes annually assessed [illegible] the said land [illegible]

For a second period of [illegible] to 50 per centum of the said [illegible] the said 50 per centum [illegible] sum of 25 cents per acre.

For a third period of ten years [illegible] 25 per centum of the said taxes [illegible] the said 25 per centum [illegible]

Provided, That it shall be lawful for the owner or owners of the said land after the same has been so planted for at least ten years, to cut and remove the timber [illegible] *Provided*, That the benefits of this act [illegible]

SEC. 2. [illegible] *Provided*, That the first period of ten years shall be counted from the time that the said land has been cleared of merchantable timber, and that after the said first period of ten years the number of trees upon the said land may be reduced as in the said section is provided.

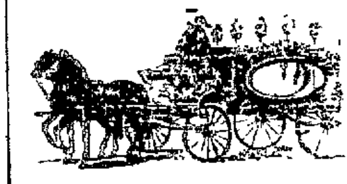
SEC. 3. Any person or persons who shall wilfully or carelessly cut bark from, or otherwise cut, burn or injure any tree, plant, shrub or sprout planted, growing or being on any land of this Commonwealth without the consent of the owner or owners thereof first had and obtained, or who without such consent shall kindle or cause to be kindled a fire on any forest or timber land in this Commonwealth, or who shall carry into or over any forest or timber land any lighted candle, lamp, torch, or other fire, without having the same secured in a lantern or other closed vessel, or who shall discharge or set off fire works of any kind on said land, or among the trees thereon, or who shall wilfully or carelessly burn or fire upon his or their own land, or that of others, any trees, brush, stubble or other combustible material, whereby fire shall be communicated to the leaves, brush, or timber upon any forest or timber lands belonging to other parties, shall be subject to a penalty of $50 for each offense, committed with cost of suit, one-half to go to the party or parties injured, and the other half to the school fund of the district in which said offense was committed: *Provided*, That if the defendant or defendants, neglect or refuse to pay at once the penalty imposed and costs, or shall not enter sufficient bail for the payment of the same within ten days, he or they shall be committed to the common jail of said county for a period of not less than one day for each dollar of the penalty imposed: *And provided*, When the penalty imposed is above five dollars, the defendant or defendants, may enter into a recognizance, with good security, to answer said complaint on a charge of misdemeanor before the court of quarter sessions of the peace of the county in which the offense is committed, which court, on conviction of the defendant or defendants of the offense so charged and failure to pay the penalty imposed by this act with costs, shall commit said defendant or defendants to the common jail of the county for a period of not less than one day for each dollar of penalty imposed.

SEC. 4. Any justice of the peace or alderman upon information or complaint made before him, by the affidavit of one or more persons, of the violation of this act by any person or persons shall issue his warrant to any constable or police officer, to cause such person or persons to be arrested and brought before the said justice of the peace or alderman who shall hear and determine the guilt or innocence of the person or persons so charged, who if convicted of the said offense, shall be sentenced to pay the penalty aforesaid.

SEC. 5. The commissioners of each county shall, within one month after the passage of this act, cause the same to be published one or more times in one newspaper of general circulation in their respective counties.

APPROVED. The 1st day of June A. D. 1887.

JAMES A. BEAVER.



Specht & Sasse,

PRACTICAL UNDERTAKERS,

Having purchased an elegant new Hearse, are prepared to attend all calls incident to their profession.

Smethport School District Report,

FOR THE YEAR ENDING JUNE, A. D. 1887.

David Sterrett, Treasurer, in account with the school fund. Dr.

To bal. against Col. Gorton, last audit	$ 97 65	
Less his com. of 5 per cent	4 97	
Cash paid by him to Treasurer Sterrett	92 68	$ 92 68
To balance against ex Treasurer Backus last audit	59 70	
Less his com. of 2 per cent	1 19	
Cash paid by him to Treasurer Sterrett	58 51	58 51
To bal. against ex Col. Smith, last audit	117 29	
Cash paid by him to Treas. Sterrett	50 00	50 00
Bal. yet due from ex Col. Smith	67 29	67 29
To amount of duplicate of 1886, placed with Col. Knapp	2486 [illegible]	
Less exonerations allowed him by School Board	[illegible]	
Less abatement allowed on [illegible]	80 [illegible]	
Less his com. of [illegible] per ct. on net amt $1,[illegible]	30 [illegible]	
Less his com. of 5 per ct. on bal. of dup. $[illegible] 37	12 47	179 [illegible]
Cash paid by him to Treasurer Sterrett	2306 74	2306 74
To am't of State appropriation		515 48
To am't of annual tax from county Treasurer		[illegible] 50
To am't received for tuition from non-residents		161 55
		$3271 71
Total due the fund from Treas. Sterrett above	20 16	
[illegible] bal. due the fund from ex Col. Smith above	67 29	[illegible] 45

RESOURCES.

The balance stated above, viz., $[illegible] 45

DAVID STERRETT, Treasurer, in account with the school fund. Cr.

By bal. due Treasurer per last audit		$ 5 98
By orders paid and cancelled, viz., for		
Printing	$ 40 00	
School supplies	72 43	
Secretary	60 00	
Lumber	19 50	
Fuel	131 50	
Repairs and sundries	95 [illegible]	
Janitor	135 00	
Water	30 00	
Salary, W. T. McGowan	1000 00	
Salary, Miss Lewis	120 00	
Salary, Miss Sturgis	320 00	
Salary, Miss Shaw	320 00	
Salary, Miss Knight	320 00	2594 [illegible]
By Treas. com. of 2½ per cent on $2594 19		57 [illegible]
By bal. due from Treas. Sterrett		20 16
By bal. due from ex Col. Smith		67 29
		$3,271 71

[illegible] And now, June 7, 1887, having examined the accounts and vouchers pertaining to this fund, we find the balance as above set forth.

JOHN FORREST, FRANK B. FOSTER, Auditors.

DAVID STERRETT, Treasurer, in account with the Bond Fund. Dr.

To bal. against ex-Col. Gorton, last audit	89 74	
Less his com. of 5 per cent	[illegible]	
Cash paid by him to Treas. Sterrett	[illegible] 25	[illegible] 25
To bal. against ex Treas. Backus last audit	36 52	
Minus his com. of 2 per cent	73	
Cash paid by him to Treas. Sterrett	35 79	35 79
Balance due Treasurer		[illegible]
		$142 80

RESOURCES.

None, excepting a dropped balance against Burlingame.

DAVID STERRETT, Treasurer, in account with Bond Fund. Cr.

By paid coupon for interest on bond, $[illegible] to Jan. 1, 1886	8 00	
By paid order for interest on bond [illegible] to Jan. 1, 1887	12 00	
By paid order for interest on bonds $61, $62, $64, to January 1, 1887	[illegible] 00	
By paid coupons for interest, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75 to Jan. 1, '86	48 00	
By paid order for interest on same to January 1, 1887	[illegible] 00	140 00
By Treasurer's com. of 2 per cent on $140		2 80
		142 80
By balance due Treas. Sterrett		[illegible]

LIABILITIES.

[illegible]

And now, June [illegible] 1887, having examined the accounts and vouchers pertaining to this fund we find and report the balance as stated.

JOHN FORREST, FRANK B. FOSTER, Auditors.

Assignee's Notice.

[illegible] In the Court of Common Pleas of McKean county [illegible]

TO ALL PARTIES CONCERNED.—[illegible] John P. [illegible] Zane [illegible] 1887 present [illegible] the Court [illegible] the next Argument Court.

J. M. MCELROY, Prothonotary.

[illegible]

IMMENSE STOCK

—OF—

NEW GOODS

AT

D. C. YOUNG'S

Great Bargains For Cash!

OUT-OF-TOWN PRICES

Discounted!

LARGE LINE

OF

CLOTHING

AND

Men's Furnishing Goods

$5,000 WORTH!

—OF—

Boots & Shoes.

Best Line of

Ladies' and Children's Shoes

In the Market.

The Celebrated

LESTER & CO.

BINGHAMTON BOOTS.

Fine Line of

A No. 1 Groceries.

Good Tea, as Low as 30 Cents.

Good Flour at $1.00 per Sack,

AND UPWARDS!

Goods delivered in town when desired.

Smethport, Nov. 10, '86. tf.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 182 Fulton Street, N. Y.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE

Miner and Philadelphia Weekly Press!

Only $1.50 Per Year.

Ladies of Smethport, Please Listen!

We have added to our already ample stock, a finer and larger stock of

HATS, BONNETS, &c.

Than was ever before brought to this place. The goods

Are of the Latest and Newest Styles

to be obtained in the market. The new hat "MURRY HILL" is a very late style and is really a neat one. We have also added a new invoice of

White Dress Goods, Embroideries, Laces, Curtains, Etc.

Any Quantity of Fans at All Prices!

A BEAUTIFUL LINE OF

FOUR, FIVE AND SIX BUTTON KID GLOVES, AND ALL VERY CHEAP!

New Parasols of the Latest Designs, just received

Want of room compels us to sell off some of our large stock of Shoes, even BELOW COST. So drop in and get a bargain.

We have been well patronized in the past by the ladies of Smethport and vicinity, for which we are very grateful, and we most positively assure you that we will try to meet your custom in the future as in the past by offering you first class fashionable goods at small profit. CALL AND BE CONVINCED!

MRS. T. D. NASH, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Silver Mountain Granite,

MARBLE!

—AND—

Stone Works!

Smethport, Pa.

[illegible] Sole Proprietor.

[illegible]

TO THE PUBLIC.

Having recently purchased the Silver Mountain Granite and Marble Works formerly owned by John Digel, I [illegible] continue the business, and in addition to [illegible] "Silver Mountain Granite" [illegible] withstood the elements for a century [illegible] mossing, crumbling or defacing, [illegible] has proven itself the most desirable [illegible] purposes, I will add to his usual stock—

Scotch Granite, Grey Granite, Pebbled Granite,

AND THE NOW FAMOUS

RED GRANITE!

From the quarries on the coast of Maine.

I will do all manner of Marble Work that parties may desire of the [illegible] American, Italian or Antique Marbles.

To all parties ordering at the shop, I will give ten per cent discount from list price.

I have arranged with parties in Boston for granite polishing and am therefore able to give prices that cannot be duplicated in any granite or marble works. Call and see us, get our prices and compare the work. vol24tf

THIS IS NOT AN ARGUMENT THERE'S NOTHING TO ARGUE ABOUT - THEY ALL THREE AGREE THAT FOR—
COMFORT DURABILITY & STYLE
JAMES MEANS $3 SHOES ARE UNEQUALLED.

I ALSO HAVE

The Finest Shoe for the Ladies at $2

To be found in the county.

Remember the only Exclusive Boot and Shoe Store in the city.

A. B. ROWLEY,
Eldred, Penn'a.

To The Public.

I wish to announce through the columns of the MINER to the people of Smethport and vicinity that I am prepared to do all work in the

Horseshoing Line

in the most satisfactory manner.

CORNS AND CONTRACTED FEET

successfully treated.

Hoping to have a liberal share of the patronage, I am

Respectfully Yours,

A. J. Duryea,

Mason's Shop, Water St, Smethport.

Assignee's Notice.

In the matter of the assignment of L. R. Cadwell, C. B. Cosolowsky and L. R. Cadwell & Co. for the benefit of creditors. In the Court of Common Pleas of McKean Co., Pa. No. 4[illegible] Oct. term, 1886.

TO ALL PARTIES CONCERNED.—Take notice that T. J. Powers, Assignee of L. R. Cadwell, C. B. Cosolowsky and L. R. Cadwell & Co., did on the 6th day of June, present his petition to the Court asking for his discharge as such Assignee, whereupon the Court granted a rule to show cause why he should not be discharged as such Assignee, returnable to the next Argument Court.

J. M. MCELROY, Prothonotary.
HUGH P. BRAWLEY, Deputy.

Lee & Hastings, attorneys.
Smethport, June 11—3t.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Cleanses the Head. Allays Inflammation. Heals the Sores. Restores the Senses of Taste, Smell, Hearing. A quick Relief. A positive Cure.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cts. Circulars free. ELY BROS., Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

Salesmen Wanted.

WE are in want of a few more [illegible] to canvass for the sale of [illegible] Nursery Stock. To men who can make [illegible] we give permanent employment. We pay good salaries or commission [illegible] We have many new and choice specialties both in the fruit and ornamental lines which others do not handle. Address at once with reference.

MAY BROS., Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y.

For Sale.

A LOT, 2 two hundred acres [illegible] corner of Warrant 2565 [illegible] ship. The land is well wooded [illegible] good surface indications for oil [illegible] would also make good farming land, being very convenient to railroad station. For further particulars apply to W. J. [illegible] or H. M. Rumsey, Salem, New Jersey. Smethport, Pa., June [illegible] 1887.

McKean County Miner

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The date on your paper shows the time to which it is paid. If you want the address of your paper changed, give the old address as well as the new one. If you want your paper stopped, pay arrearages, otherwise you will continue liable if the paper is sent to you whether you take it from the office or not. If you do not get the paper regularly, let us know. We want every man's paper every week, and [illegible] with the mails when not [illegible].

Smethport, Pa., June 24, 1887.

LOCAL AND HUMOROUS.

Love Me, Love my Dog.
[illegible] this thing occurred;
[illegible] you were so lovely beheld,
[illegible] knew you were abodie,
[illegible] since you pooh-pooh'd my poodle!"
—Detroit Free Press.

Sizerville is booming.

The roads have been terribly dusty of late.

A most refreshing rain, that of Tuesday last.

Warren will be a good place to go on the Fourth.

A new Swedish M. E. church is to be erected in Olean.

Several important cases are before the court this week.

Wesley Gifford is painting his residence on King street.

Hanlan will row in the Fourth of July regatta at Buffalo.

"Home Sweet Home" and Italy's handsome sons are scarce.

John Backus, Esq., is building a new house on his store building.

Judge Ford is holding court this week in his office, in the Mersic Block.

A new side-walk is being put down in front of the school house square.

A teachers' examination will be held at Alton to-morrow (Saturday).

The Knights of Labor will properly observe the Fourth at Bradford this year.

Elaborate arrangements are being made for the celebration of the Fourth at Kane.

Fred Lyman's new residence on Cemetery street, is nearly ready for occupancy.

Warren is agitating the question of a free bridge across the Allegheny at that place.

But few from this place took in the excursion to the Kinzua bridge on Sunday last.

The thermometer registered 100 degrees, Fahrenheit, last Sunday, unless we are slightly off.

The *Democrat* should not pay any attention to the little boys; they will not hurt anybody.

The Lutherans of Coudersport have purchased a lot on which they will soon erect a church.

Peanut John says business is booming. This is no hickory-nut, although he has them in stock.

The poor Williamsport base-ballers seem to be the only victims the Bradford professionals can find.

Mrs. Pennsyrea, the Buffalo murderess, was sentenced for life to the Erie Co. penitentiary, on Saturday last.

E. Barrett's residence on West Main street, has been greatly improved by the addition of a new coat of paint.

A. T. Palmer, our popular liveryman, had the misfortune to lose one of his livery horses on Monday morning last.

The many friends of Doctor W. P. Roblet, may be glad to learn that he has become one of Potter county's darling dreamers.

Out of three logs at a mill in Tioga county, over 1,000 feet of lumber was sawed. Some of the boards were three feet wide.

D. W. Butterworth, formerly editor of the *Coudersport Enterprise*, has accepted a position on the *Democrat*, Wellsville, N. Y.

Doctor Pierce has a new sign in front of his office door, in the shape of a large plaster of paris tooth. It isn't one of Ed. Tucker's molars.

The hay crop in this section will not be as prolific a one as was anticipated, owing to the severe drouth of the past couple of weeks.

S. S. Walker, of Smethport, is grading E. P. Dalrymple's lawn in fine style. When completed it will be the best lawn in the county.—*Reporter.*

The "Marble Front" again has curtain poles and lace curtains.—*Eagle.* What a blessing a moral town is? How long would it survive in Smethport.

The game on Monday between the Eldred and Smethport amateurs, resulted a goal in favor of the victorious Smethporters. The score was 15 to 10.

Messrs. William Gifford and Thomas Whipple while on a fishing trip on Friday last, captured a fine bird of the Crane species, measuring five feet in length.

Those "sing-bunkers" who come into the borough every Saturday night and fill up on "forty-rod whisky," should be turned over to the tender mercies of Sheriff Bannon.

The Excelsior Base Ball Club of this place will cross bats with a Duke Centre nine at Hamlin Park on Tuesday next at 1:30 P. M., provided the weather proves favorable.

Wellsboro's Street Commissioner works about sixteen miles of streets in that borough with a road machine, and the *Agitator* says the cost does not exceed five cents a rod.

The Eldred band came out second best at the tournament which was held in Akron, N. Y., on Thursday of last week. The baritone solo prize, however, was captured by them.

People who are fond of oranges but are not careful to expel the seeds may be interested in knowing that two deaths from swallowing orange seeds have lately been reported in the daily papers.

The pleasant news reaches us that W. Baker, a former Smethport boy, has taken unto himself one of Colorado's fair maidens, and is pleasantly located at 550 Sante Fe avenue, Denver, Colorado.

The correspondent of the *Reporter* from this place, is very complimentary to us in last week's issue of that paper. We thank this unknown knight of the quill, and confess that for some time past we have wondered who could have been the author of such polished literature.

In a letter from a friend travelling in the British Isles, who expected to attend the Queen's Jubilee, he remarks upon the beauty of the Irish girls, but says that in some cases their noses are as red as their cheeks. That is the case with a good many girls who don't live in Ireland.

R. C. Williams, Esq., is acting as General Manager of the B., B. & K. railroad while President Carter is absent. Manager Williams is putting the road in shape for doing business. There is no reason why the Smethport branch should not be paying handsomely.

Smethport was well represented at Coryville on Sunday evening last, to witness the burning of a twenty-five thousand barrel tank of oil, which was struck by lightning during a thunder-storm on that afternoon. It was a grand and awful spectacle and an opportunity to see a fire of that character should not be lost.

We are requested by Rev. M. D. M. Allen, pastor, to state that the new church at Keating Summit is now completed and will be dedicated to the worship of God on Sunday next at 11 A. M. Bishop J. Weaver, of Dayton, Ohio, a grand pulpit orator, will officiate. A general invitation to the public to be present, is given.

Miss Mary Barnes, a teacher in the schools of West Troy, N. Y., when an eight year old boy named Shover offended her, put him in a box and closed the lid. The school was dismissed and the boy forgotten. It was not till late at night when some one thought of the incident and went to the school house. The lad is very ill and the teacher will be prosecuted.

The citizens of Coleville, will celebrate the Fourth in great shape. A hundred guns will wake up the denizens of the Cole Creek valley at sunrise which will be followed in the forenoon by a parade of the Pumpers Union in costume. A grand balloon ascension by Prof. Stephens and a match game of ball in the afternoon followed in the evening by fireworks and a dance. The citizens have erected a splendid pavilion under which it is confidently expected a large number of light, fantastic toes will be tripped.

—Kane is to have water works.

—C. S. King was piloting the "Kanch steamer" about town to-day.

—The Gas Company has lowered their mains on Mechanic street a couple of feet.

—Mr. Earl Shook contemplates building a neat residence on Bank street, for his own use, in the near future.

—A very important meeting of the Y. W. C. T. U. will be held at their headquarters this (Friday) evening.

—Ralph Gleason shot a crane this morning, down on the Island, measuring about three feet in length.

—John Baker & Sons are turning out an immense amount of work at their commodious Planing Mill on Water street. See their new advertisement in another column.

—The members of McKean Post No. 347, should not forget the inspection of the Post this (Thursday) evening by Inspector-at-Large, E. R. Sherman. Every comrade should be present.

—Rev. John Stoddard requests us to announce that he will preach in the Farmers' Valley church on Sunday morning, July 3d at 11 a. m. Subject—"Scriptural Prophecy, or the Lost Ten Tribes."

—An entertainment will be given by the members of the Band of Hope, on Tuesday evening, the 28th inst., for the benefit of the society. There will be a magic lantern exhibition. Admission free. All are invited.

—F. J. Vickery is closing out his stock and will retire from the grocery business. S. R. Sherwood, the five and ten cent store man, will occupy the store-room vacated by Mr. Vickery, and ex-County Superintendent Campbell will move into the rooms vacated by Mr. Sherwood.

—"The Smethport Hose Company, composed of stalwart men, and the H. N. Richmond Hose, of the same place, composed of handsome boys, drew the majority of the glances shot from the eyes of the pretty girls—though it was thought early in the day that the Port Allegany Star Hose would win in this respect.—*Coudersport Enterprise.*

—A terrific runaway occurred in this place on Friday evening; luckily the man who owned the out-fit, a Mr. Ames was on terra-firma at the time. The horse dashed down Main street doing a great deal of damage and demolishing the carriage, and finally freeing himself from the latter, ran through F. O. Wright's livery stable, and jumping through the back door, fell exhausted on the ground.

—A young business man expressed the fear some days ago that public travel on our turnpikes would be materially decreased if "lally-gagging" and exchanging of saliva didn't abate to some extent, in carriage riding. He tried several times to pass a vehicle, but they were so deeply engrossed, and finally he locked wheels with them in his last attempt. He did not know them.

—Bradford, Kane, Eldred, Ceres and Coleville will celebrate the Fourth in a suitable manner. But Smethport, with a population around it double that of any of the towns named excepting Bradford, hasn't enterprise enough to get up a celebration. The result is, that the money which should be left with our business houses and hotels goes to other towns in adjoining counties.

—Smethport's quartet of champion fishermen—Armstrong, Peirce, Sartwell and Black—returned from the wilds of Rock Run, Potter county, on Tuesday last. They report sixty pounds of trout as the result of their week's work. If they were not the champions this report might have a shade of doubt hanging over it, but owing to their standing as fishermen no one questions it.

—The latest postal laws are such that newspaper publishers can have arrested anyone for fraud who takes a paper and refuses to pay for it. Under this law the man who allows his subscription to run along for some time unpaid and then orders it discontinued, or orders the postmaster to mark it "refused" and to send a postal card notifying the publisher, lays himself liable to arrest and fine, the same as for theft, etc.

—Borough and township auditors who fail to publish statements of their annual settlements, as the law directs, are liable to fine and imprisonment, if any one chooses to make information against them. Taxpayers have a right to know what use has been made of the public money, and if auditors neglect to comply with the requirements of the law, they will have no just cause for complaint if they are reported to the court and mulcted in a bill of costs.

—We have received the July number of the *Historical Journal*, published at Williamsport, and edited by our old friend Meginnis, of the *Gazette and Bulletin*, the most thoroughly competent man to edit a periodical of that character in the West Branch valley. The *Journal* is full of interesting matter, commencing with a biographical sketch of Frank Thompson, Second Vice-President of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

—J. P. Mellore, Esq., the efficient Superintendent of the Clermont branch of the B. N. Y. & P. Railroad, is authority for the statement, that there was shipped from and above this point on that road last year over 30,000 cords of hemlock bark, besides what was consumed by the Smethport Extract Company. The probabilities are that an equal amount will be shipped over that road this year. Can any one give a good reason why this great body of bark should not be consumed here in the manufacture of leather instead of shipping it all over the country?

—Late in the evening of Friday the 17th inst., a woodsman named N. M. Devenspike was seriously injured at "Fiddlers Green" a bark camp some 16 or 17 miles from Smethport, while engaged in the healthful occupation of peeling hemlock bark. A falling limb came in contact with his uplifted axe, with sufficient force to drive it downward through the muscles of the lower part of his left leg and instep. The injured man arrived in Smethport at 2 a. m., on Saturday, very weak from loss of blood, and was attended to by Dr. Carroll. In all probability he will recover the use of his leg in a few weeks.

—The Erie train was approaching Limestone. In one seat a young lady sat alone; across the aisle sat a would-be masher. Just before the train stopped he arose, and addressing her, said: "I beg pardon, but I will take a seat with you. If you prefer, as a crowd will get in here, and some objectionable person may occupy it." "Thank you, sir," said she, "but no one can get in at this station with whom I am less acquainted than with you." The would-be gallant retired discomfited to his own side of the car and the young lady, who was from Bradford, continued to occupy her seat without disturbance.

—On Friday last a man by the name of August Larsen was killed on the trestle work where the B., B. & K. Railroad track crosses the Rochester & Pittsburgh Railroad, about four miles north of Mt. Jewett. He was watching the approach of a train on the R. & P. road when a B., B. & K. train came up behind him. The engineer of the latter train made every effort to make him hear the approach of his train but all to no effect. He was run over and instantly killed. The remains were taken in charge of by the railroad company and buried in a cemetery near Mt. Jewett at the company's expense. Supt. McKenna did everything that could be expected of him and no blame is attached to anyone except the unfortunate victim whose own carelessness led to his death.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

Services Sabbath morning at 10:30 a. m. Subject of the discourse: "Fellowship With God." Subject for the evening service: "What Must I do to be Saved."

MRS. T. D. NASH is again to the front in this issue of the MINER. She takes a new departure in offering her goods at reduced rates before, instead of waiting until after the season closes. This is a wise move as it enables her to dispose of her goods in time to be worn by purchasers while they are yet fresh and stylish. By referring to her advertisement, it will be seen that Mrs. Nash has resolved to make every Saturday a special bargain day. Mrs. N. understands business methods and her patrons will reap some of the advantages. Give her a call.

Notice.

I shall commence my last term of music Monday, July 4th, and close it after 12 weeks duration, September 26. Terms as follows: Two lessons a week, $12.00; one lesson a week, $6.00. One half of the amount to be paid after the expiration of six weeks; the balance at the end of the term.

CHARLES BRACK.

Smethport, June 22, 1887.

SUBSCRIBE for the MINER.

PERSONAL MENTION.

We would deem it a favor if those having friends visiting in this place would notify us by postal or by leaving a notice at this office.

F. N. Taylor was in Bradford Monday last.

Harry Gillis of Kane, is clerking in Callar's drug store.

Mr. John Forrest, Esq., and family start for the sea-side this week.

Our genial friend Hugh Brawley was in Bradford Saturday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Jno. B. Chadwick drove up to Clermont on Monday last.

Tom Malone, foreman of the Kane *Leader* office made us a call Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Baker drove over to Bradford on Tuesday last and returned on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs F. E. Tull, of Ceres visited Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Boulton, of this place this week.

Lawyer Geo. A. Berry, of Bradford, was an agreeable caller at this office on Wednesday last.

Mr. Eben Gallup and daughter Mrs. Warley Gifford returned home from Sizerville on Friday last.

Mr. Ira Briggs, our Court Stenographer and wife are stopping at Mr. Chester Sartwell's this week.

Carroll Douglas, son of Charles Douglas of Bradford, is visiting at Mr. P. D. Hopkins home in South Smethport.

Mrs. Carrie Cornforth and little daughter Lois, of Clyde, Kansas, are visiting relatives and friends in Smethport.

Miss Fannie Burnham departed on Wednesday last for a few weeks' visit at her former home in Perryville, N. Y.

Hon. F. S. Johnson and Maj. J. W. Shaw, of Bradford, were callers at the MINER office this (Thursday) morning.

The genial Jule Andrews, of Bradford, was attending court this week and during his stay in town favored us with a call.

S. R. Lindsley, local editor of the MINER, accompanied by his estimable wife, returned on Wednesday evening last from a two weeks' visit among relatives and friends in Tioga county.

Hon. W. S. Brownell returned on Monday last from Sizerville, where he has been imbibing the water of perpetual youth. The Judge is much improved in health and loud in his praise of the water.

Among the guests registered at the Grand Central this week are the names of Capt. Chapman, Geo. J. Wolf, Eugene Mullen, P. T. Kennedy, B. J. Wilmoth and F. W. Hastings all of Bradford, E. K. Kane and Thos. Malone of Kane, J. J. Newman of Buffalo, M. Dunn of Jarrabee, S. S. Bullis of Olean, Col. F. W. Ames, of Titusville, John H. Hanes of Boston, Carl Bard of Port Allegany, G. O. Menihrath of Jamestown, Charles W. Hill of Harrisburg and Senator Lee of Franklin, also Henry McSwerney, Wm. T. Scheide, A. S. Smedley, and W. J. Alexander, of the National Transit Co.

At the Wright House, Hon. Lewis Emery and son, Moses Sullivan, Jno. B. Chapman, Hon. W. W. Brown, Geo. L. Roberts, Jas. C. Baker, J. H. Wilson, J. W. Stone all of Bradford also W. H. Sterns, Rochester, Geo. E. Beaumont, Mt. Alton, Hon. M. F. Elliott, Wellsboro, W. P. Weston, Kane, Capt. C. E. Knight Derrick City, R. A. Rice, Eldred, and W. H. McSwerney of Oil City, J. C. Russell of Williamsport, Jas. H. Snow of New York City, H. Jack of Bradford, Geo. A. Berry and wife, of Bradford.

—"Who did you say is to be the next President?" "Oh! I don't know and don't care. I'm not looking for Presidents—I'm hunting for a pain-remedy." "Ah, you've only to ask at the next corner for Salvation Oil, it kills pain every time."

WANTED—At Stickney & Co's, one good-matched team, weight about 1100 lbs. each.

For lumber, lath, shingles, flooring, go to F. E. Brooks, Smethport, Pa. 4-tf.

TRUNKS and valises as cheap as can be got anywhere, at Gleason & Lemmler's. A complete stock to select from.

New lot of ladies fine shoes in all widths and sizes just received at D. C. Young's. Every pair guaranteed.

COMPSON & ILLINGWORTH'S celebrated Globe Baking Powder. Guaranteed to give satisfaction. A handsome 7x9 picture card free. Price only 25 cents a pound. For sale by G. W. Williams, Smethport, Pa.

Sizerville and its Spring.

The editor of the Williamsport *Gazette and Bulletin* recently visited the somewhat renowned mineral spring, at Sizerville, Cameron county, and this is the report of his investigations:

The little hamlet of Sizerville, six miles up Portage Creek, is the Mecca towards which hundreds of invalids are constantly bending their steps. The Buffalo, New York and Philadelphia Railroad runs within a few yards of the well from which the healing water bubbles up as clear as crystal and almost as cool as if it flowed through a bed of ice. There are never less than fifty or sixty patients there and all the houses in the village and neighborhood are filled with boarders. Boarding costs one dollar per day and is said to be very good, but the accommodations are primitive. Invalids are charged one dollar per week for the privilege of using the water, and if you send your jug to be filled, you will be charged five cents a gallon. Sizer is said to be deriving a revenue of fifty or sixty dollars a day from the sale of water. If he had better facilities for shipping, his income would be quadrupled. At present he is shipping water in oaken barrels and half barrels, and stone jugs holding three, four and five gallons. A barrel costs four dollars, a half barrel two dollars, a four gallon jug eighty-five cents and five gallons costs one dollar. The backmen charge you ten cents to transport a jug to Emporium. The barrels are shipped by rail, and I was very much surprised to learn from Mr. Cowley, the superintendent, that the express company would carry them North to Syracuse, when they would come back to Corning and work their way down to Williamsport, if consigned there!

LITERARY NOTES.

"LOWER CALIFORNIA."

Parties are sending out circulars, pamphlets, etc., setting forth that Lower California is a "better grain, dairy, and ranch district than any other portion of America, and a better fruit country than Florida." To read these and other wildly extravagant statements about this country is in strange contrast with the current reports of the fate of a colony at Tobolobampo, in Lower California, in which most heart-rending stories are told of sickness and starvation among colonists from Michigan and Wisconsin. There is great lack of food and of pure water, while small-pox and diphtheria have made the grave-yard more populous than the settlement. The writer was some years ago at Guaymas, on the main land opposite La Paz, the principal town in Lower California. He there met a party of Californians who had been induced to go to Lower California, to prospect for mines. They were on their way back. The accounts they gave of the country were very unlike those in these circulars. They represented it as a mountain chain of the most rugged kind, with but narrow habitable strips on each shore. The population were represented as in the most degraded poverty. The fact that Lower California is under a foreign government, and that the Mexican officials, so far from the capital are usually ignorant and arbitrary, and not well disposed to new-comers, should make one hesitate before going there, although there are doubtless some good lands there. Our own territory is not yet over-crowded. Do not confuse Lower California with Southern California, which is a different region.—*American Agriculturist for July.*

A NERVOUS DEACON.

A good Baptist deacon residing in a certain town in the old Bay State and who is also superintendent of the Sabbath-school, has the misfortune to be exceedingly nervous and excitable, which trouble often leads him in his remarks to express himself in a manner different from that intended. On one occasion, it being the Sabbath evening prayer-meeting, as he was commencing upon the Sunday-school lesson of the day, which had been the faithfulness of God to his promises, he started the congregation by saying, "Not one *tit or jottle* of His word shall fall," when, noticing a suppressed titter among the audience, especially the younger portion, and conscious of a blunder, attempted to mend matters by saying, "No; I meant not one *tottle or jit*."—EDITOR'S DRAWER, in *Harper's Magazine for July.*

GRAND ARMY ORDERS.

General Orders No. 11.

HEADQUARTERS DEP'T OF PENN'A, G. A. R., NO. 1220 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA, June 17, 1887.

II. The following additional information is given regarding the semi-annual encampment of the department, at Gettysburg, July 9th to 15th, exclusive:

The camp will be illuminated by electric light. The National Cornet Band, of Philadelphia, will give concerts in camp, daily, from 10 to 12 A. M. and 7.30 to 9.30 P. M.

On Sunday, religious services will be held in the National Cemetery, at 10 A. M.; dress parade, at 5.30 P. M.; sacred concert, from 7 to 9.30 P. M.

The business session of the Encampment will be held on Monday, July 11th, at 10 A. M. In the evening, an exhibition of views of the battle-field will be given. The views will be shown on a 25 foot canvas, and described by a competent lecturer.

On Tuesday an excursion will be given to the famous Luray Caverns, at the rate of $3.50 for the round trip, including admission to the Caverns. Tickets good on excursion train going, and returning on Tuesday, or to return on any regular train on Wednesday. This will allow excursionists, who may desire, to stop at Harper's Ferry or Antietam, or both, on the return trip.

On Thursday evening a grand camp-fire will be held in camp.

IV. The following regiments will hold re-unions, at Gettysburg, during the encampment:

Fifth Pennsylvania Reserves, July 7th, 1887; Eighteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, July 11th, 1887; Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry, July 13th, 1887.

Comrades of the Fifth Pennsylvania Reserves will communicate with W. Hayes Grier, Harrisburg, Pa.; those of the Eighteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, with Thomas J. Grier, No. 17 S. Third street, Philadelphia; those of the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry, with J. Edwin Giles, Hazleton, Pa.

V. Attention is again called to the necessity of Posts sending advance details, as suggested in general orders No. 10, and of making timely requisitions for orders on which to purchase tickets over such railroads as were announced in general orders No. 10.

VI. The following are the rates at the various hotels: Springs Hotel (a summer resort) $2.50 per day; Eagle Hotel, $2.00 per day; Keystone, McClellan, Washington, Globe, Central and Battlefield Hotels, $1.50 per day.

Accommodations can be secured at private houses at rates varying from $1.00 to $1.50 per day. Single meals at 35 cents each.

VII. A copy of the printed proceedings of the semi-annual encampment, of 1886, and annual encampment, of February, 1887, will be transmitted to each Post Commander, for the use of the Post, and must be placed with the Post records.

XI. Post No. 115, Department of Michigan, reports as imposter, travelling under names of Charles Hadley and L. C. Cooper; shows letter purporting to be from Post No. 115, but which is a forgery. He is described as 5 feet 8 inches in height, florid complexion, and dark moustache.

By command of Department Commander

SAM'L HARPER.

THOS. J. STEWART,
Ass't. Adj't. General.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. Sold by A. B. Armstrong.

Is Consumption Incurable?

Read the following: Mr. C. H. Morris, Newark, Ark., says: "Was down with abscess of lungs, and friends and physicians pronounced me an incurable consumptive. Began taking Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, am now on my third bottle, and able to oversee the work on my farm. It is the finest medicine ever made."

Jesse Middlewart, Decatur, O., says: "Had it not been for Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption I would have died of lung troubles. Was given up by doctors. Am now in best of health." Try it. Sample bottles free at A. B. Armstrong's drug store.

An End to Bone Scraping.

Edward Shepherd, of Harrisburg, Ill., says: "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters, I feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Have had a running sore on my leg for eight years; my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or leg amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and my leg is now sound and well."

Electric Bitters are sold at fifty cents a bottle, and Bucklen's Arnica Salve at 25c. per box by A. B. Armstrong.

Farmers' Attention.

Wanted at Stickney & Co's, 1,000 lbs. dried apples; 1,000 lbs. black berries; 1,000 lbs. raspberries.

Vocal Training.

Prof. Emilio Cerutti, of Bradford, will begin a school in vocal instruction for children and adults in Smethport on Saturday, June 18th, at 4 o'clock p. m., in the Opera House.

The instruction will be thorough and scientific, school of Solfeggio and Chorals. Term for two lessons a week until September, five dollars, or fifty cents per week.

This will be an opportunity never offered before in Smethport for vocal culture by a thorough master of music. Prof. Cerutti is a graduate of the Royal Conservatory, Turin, Italy.

Private vocal lessons will also be given, and instruction on the piano, organ, violin and other string instruments.

Smethport Tannery Question.

In order to make room for all the tanneries that will build in Smethport this season, I will sell watches, clocks and jewelry at your own prices, and silverware thrown in as *chromos.* Spring styles just received. The finest assortment of jewelry in Northern Pennsylvania. Two hundred watches to select from. One hundred clocks, $1.00 to $40.00. Also bicycles, tricycles, baby carriages, &c., &c. Call and see us.

M. L. ARMSTRONG.

To the Farmers.

Farmers if you are in need of a Flat Land Plow, a Side-hill Plow, or a Spring Tooth Harrow don't buy until you have seen such implements at Sprague's hardware store. Mr. Sprague claims to have the best articles of that kind in the market for the least money.

Blooded Cattle.

Dominion Short Horns and Jersey Cattle bred and for sale. Stock will recommend itself. DR. W. L. CHRISMAN, Eldred, Pa. vol24no20tf.

Light on Masonry.

It is so strange that so many walls and ceilings should remain in darkness when windows are so cheap at the Smethport Sash Factory. no24t3.

For Thirty Dollars

You can secure a hand-made double harness at Gleason & Lemmler's. For a little more money you can get a better one. Don't fail to call and see stock.

A Hand-Made Single Harness for $8

And up, at Gleason & Lemmler's. Call early and secure a bargain.

WANAMAKER'S samples just received at M. L. Armstrong's.

FOR lime, hair, plaster, cement, etc., go to F. E. BROOKS, Smethport.

BUY your groceries of D. C. Young. He will not be undersold.

COMPSON & ILLINGWORTH'S celebrated Globe Baking powder. Guaranteed to give satisfaction. A handsome 7x9 picture card free with every pound. Price only 25 cents a pound. For sale by F. C. Olds, Farmers Valley.

ENGLISH Spavin Liniment removes all Hard, Soft, or Calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Sweeney, Ringbone, Stifles, Sprains, Swellings, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted. Sold by A. B. Armstrong, druggist, Smethport, Pa. vol23no39-1y

CLERMONT CHATTERINGS.

Dr. H. L. McCoy of Smethport is seen on our streets every day.

J. H. Desmond is on a business trip to Elk and Jefferson counties.

Four cars of coal are loaded and shipped from the Clermont mines every day.

Young Whitman fell from off a load of bark on Friday last and broke one of his legs.

L. W. Mason, the lively hardware merchant, of Smethport, was shaking hands with friends here on Friday last.

The new building now being erected by the Odd Fellows, will be, when finished, a credit to the Clermont Lodge.

We are informed by the Collector that the 8th day of August is the last day to pay tax if you want the benefit of 5 per cent off.

His Honor, Mr. Jack Keehoe, is presiding over the bar of the Clermont House this week. His lordship is a favorite with all the boys.

Mr. Israel McCandless fell off of a loaded bark car on Friday last, and had his face and legs very badly scratched, but no bones were broken.

Mrs. L. Bayer and daughter Ida are spending a few weeks at Sizerville, hoping to receive some benefits from the water of the celebrated mineral spring at that place.

Jesse Groom had his left arm very badly cut while trying to saw a log one day last week. Mr. Groom is an engineer and a good one, but he is not a success as a woodsman.

C. H. Moore is again around attending to his large and increasing business. It is to be hoped that "Charley" will have no more broken limbs to lug around for some time to come.

We are sorry to learn that a B. B. & K. locomotive struck August Larson, at Mt. Jewett, on Friday last, killing him instantly. Several years ago Larson was a resident of this place.

Mr. Frank Lindholm, a prominent Prohibitionist of Colegrove, attended the funeral services at this place of M. Sandberg, the Swede who was killed in the bark woods near here a few days since.

Your correspondent is very thankful to "Our New Homes" representative, in this town, Mr. C. P. Erlandson, for several complimentary notices in his paper. Mr. E. is an able writer and an excellent newspaper man.

Some of our well known, drunken, good-for-nothing loafers, were caught throwing stones at conductor Nichols, when the train stopped at Moore's mill last Saturday evening. But they were trimmed up in great shape by the train hands before Mr. Nichols knew what was going on. Boys, an eye will be kept on you hereafter, and it would be well for you to take this as a warning.

DOOLLY DOOLL.

Clermont, June 22, 1887.

ITCH and Scratches of every kind cured in 30 minutes by Woodford's Sanitary Lotion. Use no other. This never fails. Sold by A. B. Armstrong, druggist, Smethport, Pa. vol23no39-y1

COMPSON & ILLINGWORTH'S celebrated Globe Baking powder. Guaranteed to give satisfaction. A handsome 7x9 picture card free with every pound. Price only 25 cents a pound. For sale by C. A. Anderson, Colgrove, Pa.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY VIRTUE OF A WRIT OF LEVARI FACIAS issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale on the premises, in the city of Bradford, Pa., on

TUESDAY, JULY 5, 1887,

at 2 o'clock p. m., the defendants interest in the following described real estate, to-wit: All that certain piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the city of Bradford, county of McKean, and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning on the north line of Main street at the southwest corner of the Exchange lot; thence west by the north line of Main street about twenty-two and two-twelfths (22 2-12) feet more or less to the southeast corner of H. Solomon & Co.'s store building; thence by a line parallel with Exchange lot, north one hundred feet; thence by a line parallel with the north line of Main street about twenty-two and two-twelfths (22 2-12) feet to the west line of Exchange lot; thence south by the west line of Exchange lot to the place of beginning and being the same premises as that conveyed to the said Moses Kustander by A. Leo Weil, by deed dated August 8th, 1883, and recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean county in Deed Book Volume "16" page 237, August 8th, 1883, and having thereon erected one two-story frame store.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Moses Kustander at the suit of Max Weil, Assignee of Joseph Block.

Stone, Brown & Sturgeon, Att'ys.

A. F. BANNON, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa., June 16, 1887.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY VIRTUE OF A WRIT OF ALIAS VENDITIONI EXPONAS issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale on the premises, in the city of Bradford, Pa.,

MONDAY, JUNE 27, 1887, AT 10:00 A. M.,

the undivided one-half part of the following described piece, parcel or tract of land situate in the township of Bradford, McKean Co., Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post at the northwest corner of lot No 174; thence east thirty-two rods to a post; thence south ninety-five rods to a post; thence south west thirty-two rods to a beech; thence south eighty-four and two-tenths rods to a post; thence west one hundred and sixty and eight-tenths rods to a post on the bank of creek; thence northwesterly by the several courses of the creek two hundred and one-half rods to a post; thence east twenty-four rods to a post in the road; thence south twenty rods to a post; thence east eighty-four rods to a post; thence north twenty rods to the place of beginning. Containing two hundred and fourteen and one-half acres, more or less, being lots Nos. 131, 132, 378, and part of lot No. 174, warrants Nos. 3316, 3317 and 3493, being the same land deeded by A. T. Newell and wife to Benjamin Dikeman by deed dated May 27, 1875, recorded June 2, 1875, in deed book Vol. "U," page 1, &c. Together with twenty-nine oil wells complete, forty-six frame houses, one-sixteenth royalty and one-half ground rent.

ALSO—All that certain piece parcel or tract of land situate in the city of Bradford, McKean county, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning on Elm street on the east side of East Branch, in the neighborhood of Harrisburg, at a post the northwest corner of lot conveyed by said A. T. Newell to Benjamin Dikeman to Charles T. Pitzold; thence west along said Elm street one hundred and fifty feet; thence southward at right angles with Elm street two hundred feet; thence eastward parallel with Elm street one hundred and fifty feet; thence northward two hundred feet to the place of beginning. Containing ten-fourteenths of an acre: improved and having thereon erected one two story frame house and one large barn, usual outbuildings, being the same land conveyed by A. T. Newell and wife to Benjamin Dikeman, recorded in deed book 30, page 320, &c.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Benjamin Dikeman at suit of C. H. Foster, committee of Cynthia Dikeman, lunatic.

Brown & Roberts, Pl'ff's Att'ys.

A. F. BANNON, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa., June 2, 1887.

T. H. PURTLE

Takes pleasure in announcing to his many friends in Smethport and vicinity that he can be found at the old stand of Kruger & Purtle's, on Water street, where he is prepared to do

HORSESHOEING

in all its branches on scientific principles. I am confident of my ability to give satisfaction in this line of business in every instance.

General -:- Blacksmithing

Done with neatness and despatch.

While soliciting a liberal share of the public patronage, my aim at all times will be to please my customers.

T. H. PURTLE.

Smethport, Pa., May 12, 1887,-y1.

P. D. HOPKINS

Successor to C. L. Douglass,

Corner Hill and Mechanic Streets,

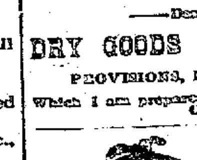
SMETHPORT, PA.

—Dealer in—

DRY GOODS & GROCERIES,

PROVISIONS, BOOTS, SHOES, &c.

Which I am prepared to sell very cheap for Cash.



Before You Buy a

Bicycle

—or—

Tricycle

—Send to—

F. O. Pierce, Smethport, Pa.,

—FOR A—

BEAUTIFUL CATALOGUE

of the most popular and reasonable priced wheels.

Rudge's and American Cycles; New and second hand.

April 15, 1887.-m3.

IMPORTANT

—TO—

BUILDERS!

THE PLACE TO BUY

Surfaced Hemlock,

Mouldings,

Flooring,

Siding!

Window and Door Frames

—ETC., IS AT—

Jno. Baker & Sons

—ALSO—

Planing, Turning, Matching, Etc.,

done on short notice.

John Baker & Sons,

Water Street, - Smethport, Pa.

Drafts on any Bank in Europe,

—AND—

Tickets to and From

—ANY PLACE IN—

The Old World

sold at the lowest possible rates by

J. O. SONBERGH, CLERMONT, PA.

AGENT FOR

C. B. Richard & Co., Bankers,

61 Broadway, New York.

May 11, 1887 -tf.

Let Your Eyes Rest Here!

H. W. Rubin wishes to announce to the citizens of Smethport and vicinity that he is now receiving

—HIS—

Spring & Summer Goods

CONSISTING OF THE

LATEST -:- STYLES

—OF—

CLOTHING!

That is guaranteed to fit in every instance.

LADIES' AND GENTS'

FURNISHING GOODS

In this department I am prepared to show the finest line of goods ever brought to Smethport

HATS and CAPS.

All the latest styles in fashionable headgear for gentlemen's wear can be found in this department.

Boots & Shoes.

The finest stock to select from in this section.

Good Goods and Low Prices,

has always been my motto, from which I do not now intend to depart. I never had a more complete and desirable stock of goods in store, and my prices were never lower.

—FOR YOUR—

Spring Suit of Clothes

go to H. W. Rubin's. He can fit you out with a rig that for durability and price cannot be duplicated in McKean county.

H. W. RUBIN,

Main St., - Smethport.

E. B. McCOY

Druggist & Pharmacist

No. 34 Main Street,

SMETHPORT, PA.

Fresh and Reliable Drugs, Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purposes, Patent Medicines. Fine Stationery, Toilet Articles, Perfumery, And a Full Line of Cigars Always On Hand.

Prescriptions Accurately Compounded Night or Day.

An Electric night bell connected with sleeping room gives special facilities for night calls

BROWNELL BROS

HAVE AN IMMENSE

SPRING STOCK

—OF—

DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

HATS AND CAPS.

GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS

A FULL LINE OF

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS

ETC., ETC.

OUR MOTTO—"Justice to all."

Smethport, - Pa.

January 1, 1886.

DRESSMAKING

Mrs. Campbell

AT THE RESIDENCE OF M. L. ARMSTRONG, WATER STREET,

SMETHPORT, PA.

November 16, 1886-tf.

GAZE ON THIS

AND

Bring on Your Government Bonds!

A beautiful line of Summer Silks, 33⅓ cents, worth 50 cents; 50 pieces Victoria Lawn, at 8 cents per yard; Jerseys to match, $1; a fine gossamer for $1; and thus you have an outfit which will defy the elements of July 4th; a nice figured lawn, at 4 cents per yard; the ever reliable Seersucker at 10 and 12½ c.

Standard Prints, 5 Cents Per Yard!

Dress Goods 6, 10, 12½ to the finest Black Silks. Our Black Silks cannot be beaten; warranted every yard. We are closing out a fine line of French Cashmeres, 42 inches wide, for 30½ cents, worth 50 cents. A good turkey red table linen, fast colors, 30 cents; Laces, Embroideries, White Goods. Gloves of every description—Silk, Lisle, Kid Gloves, Blacks, Tan and Opera shades. Parasols are going fast—all colors—plain and fancy striped; Lace-Trimmed and all-over lace, 50 cents to $5; good Cotton Hose, Ladies', Children's and Men's 10 cents per pair; Men's Unlaundried Shirts, 14 to 17, Linen bosom, re-enforced front and back, 50 cents; Straw Hats, Men's Work Hats for 5 cents; a nobby dress hat, 50 cents; a fine line of Neckties for 25 cents; Men's Suits $4 to $30; Working Shirts and "Sunday-go-to-meeting Shirts" at all prices. Drive Shoes $3; good working shoes, $1; Ladies' shoes, $1 to $5. We guarantee our $3.50 Kid Shoe equal to any $5 shoe elsewhere.

Children's Shoes of Every Description From 35 Cts. to $2

Thornton & Chester's Celebrated Flour

$6 per barrel; $1.50 per sack; Thornton & Chester's Globe Mills, $1.35 per sack or $5.50 per barrel. Our Snow Flake Flour at $5 cannot be beaten. White Rose 90 cents per sack or $3.60 per barrel. Our finest Japan Tea, 35 cents; 3 pounds for $1. Tea as low as 15 cents. Fine Creamery Butter 20 cents. Sugar by the barrel at Refinery prices. We now occupy two floors and have three ware-houses chock full of

Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes!

Hat, Caps & Clothing, Crockery & Tinware.

Camp goods of every description. We are supplying the largest camps in the country. Why? Because we have the quantity, quality and the Lowest Prices and delivered free and promptly.

To JOBBERS:—We have on hand axes of the following makes in any size or quantity: Crown Jewel, Robert Mann, White and Buffalo Axes, Bark Spuds and Cross-Cut Saws.

Stickney & Company,

East Smethport, Penn'a.

BACK

A GREAT OFFER

PATTERN FREE!

A Handsome Gift

—TO OUR—

LADY READERS

By special arrangment with W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, Publisher of DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE, 15 East 14th St., New York, we are enabled to make all of our lady readers a handsome present. By inclosing (as directed therein) the Coupon Order found below the sender will receive by mail a Pattern of this graceful Jacket, and of the size she may select.

The pattern will be perfect in every particular, the name of W. Jennings Demorest being sufficient guarantee that it will be all that is promised for it.

Cut this Coupon Order out by the black lines, and mail as directed.

COUPON ORDER.

Good for ONE Pattern of the Frederica Jacket, Bust Measure, 34, 36, 38 or 40 ins.
(Run a pen or pencil through the size desired.)
If sent with a 2-cent stamp for return postage, to DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE, 15 East 14th street, before January, 1888.

This pattern will be a full-size pattern of the size desired, and is furnished by special arrangements with the MCKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport, Pa.

The holder of this coupon may be assured of the value of the pattern, as it is sent as a sample of those obtained through the coupon system in the Fashion Department of DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

In sending this coupon to obtain the pattern, please fill out the following blank:

W. JENNINGS DEMOREST:

Inclose find the coupon order and two cents for return postage, for which please send me me the Frederica Jacket of the size marked out above.

Name..

Street..

Town..

State..

[Do not inclose a letter with this coupon; simply fill it out as directed, and inclose with the 2-cent stamp.]

DR. KILMER'S

SWAMP-ROOT

CURES KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER

A MEDICAL VICTORY!

Cures Brights' Disease, Catarrh of the Bladder, Torpid Liver. It dissolves Gall-Stones and Gravel.

SYMPTOMS and CONDITIONS of Urine for which this Remedy should be taken.

Scalding	Stoppage	Blood-tinged
Diabetic	Albumen	Brick-dust
Dropsical	Dribbling	Milky-pink
Headache	Frequent	Costiveness
Bonesche	Nervous	Reddish-dark
Uric-acid	Settlings	Catarrhache
Backache	Nervache	Phosphates
Bad-taste	Foul-Breath	Gall-color

IT IS A SPECIFIC.

Every dose goes to the spot.

Relieves and Cures internal Slime-fever Canker, Dyspepsia, Anemia, Malaria, Fever and Ague, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Enlargement of the Prostate Gland, Sexual Weakness, Spermatorrhœa and Gout.

It Eliminates Blood Impurities, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Salt-Rheum, Syphilis, Pimples, Blotches, Fever-sores, and Cancer-taints.

It is a most Wonderful Appetizer. Builds up Quickly a Run-down Constitution.

Tell your neighbors all about it.

PRICE 25c, $1.00—6 bottles $5.00.

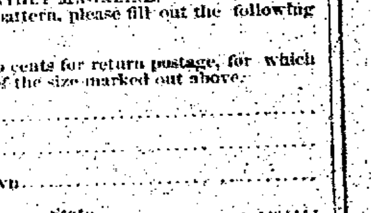
Prepared at Dr. Kilmer's Dispensary, Binghamton, N. Y., U. S. A.

Invalids' Guide to Health (Sent Free.) All letters of inquiry promptly answered.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

MONEY to be made. Cut this out and return to us, and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business which will bring you in more money right away than anything else in this world. Any one can do the work and live at home. Either sex; all ages. Something new, that just coins money for all workers. We will start you; capital not needed. This is one of the genuine, important chances of a lifetime. Those who are ambitious and enterprising will not delay. Grand outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. janltf

Paragon Desk!



A. H. ANDREWS & CO.

DEALERS IN

SCHOOL FURNITURE

School Directors, it is to your interest and the interest of the public to examine this Furniture before buying elsewhere. Call on or address,

C. A. Burdick, Agent,

SMETHPORT, PA.

Office: Hamlin Bank Building. 1tf

BARBER SHOP

ALFRED STURDVIENT

Would respectfully announce to his patrons and the public generally that he has moved his Barber Shop into his recently finished and commodious new Marble Front building next door to W. D. Gallup's store, Main street, where he is prepared to do

SHAVING AND HAIRDRESSING

in the latest style of the art. None but first-class workmen employed.

BATH ROOMS ATTACHED.

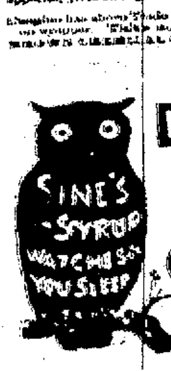
TIRED OUT!

At this season nearly every one needs to use some sort of tonic. IRON enters into almost every physician's prescription for those who need building up.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS THE BEST TONIC.

For Weakness, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, etc., it HAS NO EQUAL, and is the only Iron medicine that is not injurious. It Enriches the Blood, Invigorates the System, Restores Appetite, Aids Digestion. It does not blacken or injure the teeth, cause headache or produce constipation—other Iron medicines do. Dr. G. H. Binkley, a leading physician of Springfield, Ohio, says: "Brown's Iron Bitters is a thoroughly good medicine. I use it in my practice, and find its action excels all other forms of iron. In weakness, or a low condition of the system, Brown's Iron Bitters is usually a positive necessity. It is all that is claimed for it." Dr. W. N. Waters, 1219 Thirty-second Street, Georgetown, D. C., says: "Brown's Iron Bitters is the Tonic of the age. Nothing better. It creates appetite, gives strength and improves digestion."

Genuine has above Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.



DR. SINE'S SYRUP CURES COUGHS AND COLDS.

GLEASON & LEMMLER

Dealers in and Manufacturers of

HARNESS OF EVERY STYLE AND CHARACTER

Which they will sell at the

LOWEST RATES.

They also keep a full supply of

Saddles, Blankets; Whips, Etc.

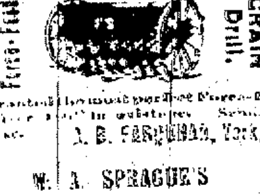
Also a large and complete invoice of

TRUNKS & VALISES

Which they propose to sell at manufacturers' prices. Call and examine our stock and prices and become satisfied that it is a waste of time to look elsewhere for goods we sell. We are selling our goods as low as any house west of New York for quality.

GLEASON & LEMMLER.

Smethport, Pa., March 13, 1884.



Warranted the most perfect Force-Feed Fertilizer Distributor in existence. Send for circular. A. B. FARQUHAR, York, Pa.

W. A. SPRAGUE'S

HARDWARE STORE,

Opp. [illegible], is HEADQUARTERS FOR

Hardware, Stoves, Tinware, House Furnishing Goods

SILVERWARE,

Cutlery, Lamps,

Glass, Lead, Oils, Paints, Putty, Farmers' and Mechanics' Tools.

In fact everything usually kept in a First Class Hardware Store. The closest buyers and best judges of what they buy concede the fact that more goods of same quality can be bought for less money at the above store than any other place in the County.

A COMPETENT TINNER Always on hand ready to do work on short notice.

JAMES McNULTY,

Merchant Tailor!

EAST MAIN STREET, Smethport, Pa.

A fine lot of samples kept constantly on hand. Mr. McNulty's reputation as a superior cutter and artist is well established. Good suits for 24 and 25 dollars and job work promptly attended to. Give him a call.

Smethport, April 15, 1886. tf

GO TO

ROONEY'S MARKET

Wholesale and Retail,

—FOR A—

Nice Piece of Meat

Fresh, Salt or Smoked.

—FOR—

FRESH & SALT FISH

—AND FOR ALL—

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

I will also pay the highest price for

STOCK AND HIDES

CALL AND SATISFY YOURSELF.

Nearly opposite Catholic church, Main st.

J. F. ROONEY.

WAGON, Carriage and Blacksmith Shop,

MECHANIC ST., SMETHPORT, PA.

Wm. Masser, - Prop'r.

HORSESHOEING

A SPECIALTY.

The Greatest Care Taken in Shoeing Horses with

Bad Feet!

All kinds of Repairing done to order on short notice.

REAL ESTATE

ROBT. H. ROSE

Is authorized to receive moneys for me; also applications to buy lands. He will give information generally, in any business of this Estate in McKean County. His office is in

THE BACKUS BUILDING, SMETHPORT

ROBT. C. SCHMERTZ, Agent of the Trustees.

Wellsboro, Pa., Dec. 28 1878. tf.

YOU can live at home, and make more money at work for us, than at anything else in this world. Capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexes; all ages. Any one can do the work. Large earnings sure from first start. Costly outfit and terms free. Better not delay. Costs you nothing to send us your address and find out; if you are wise you will do so at once. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. jan.1st

ALL AROUND THE HOUSE.

Up Stairs, Down Stairs, in Kitchen and in the Lady's Parlor.

Fir pillows are not only fashionable, but are considered beneficial in the treatment of such ailments as insomnia, nervousness, headache, lung disease, etc. The foliage used for filling them is that of the balsam fir tree. It is rather difficult to distinguish between the balsam fir and other spruce trees; the leaves of the former are in two rows on either side of the branchlets, while those of the latter are scattered irregularly around the stems. The foliage or spills may be collected at any season, says a correspondent of Good Housekeeping, who also tells how they are made ready for use. The spills and the entire stems about at the ends of the twigs are pinched while fresh and crisp from the stems, if they are allowed to dry on the branches much of their delicious fragrance is lost. They are spread out in a perfectly dry place, care being taken that no moisture collects on the balsam, which would also ruin the delicate perfume. When the spills are thoroughly dried they are ready for the pillow, which should be made of thin, stout material. The outside slip may be plain or ornamented, according to individual taste. Pongee, silk, linen, tea cloth or any of the pretty stuffs now obtainable may be used. A suitable decoration for a fir pillow is an emblematic motto, as "Thy breath, sweet balm, hath power to sooth the fevered brow," etc. These mottoes may be embroidered in any suitable stitch. A very effective design is a branch of fir with several leaves done in green and brown chenilles.

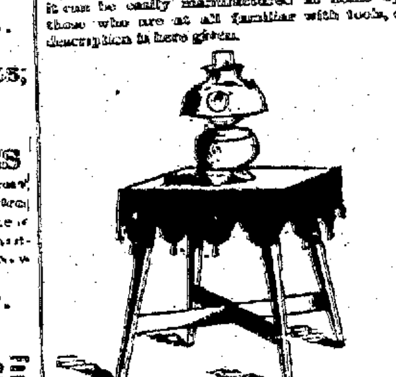
Breakfast Parties.

Breakfast parties are in great favor with many people, being less extensive than dinners and just as satisfactory to the guests. They are served at any time from 10 to 12 o'clock. At breakfast parties, with the exception of the silver service being on the table all the time for tea and coffee, the dishes are served in courses precisely as for dinner.

Mrs. Henderson gives, among others, the following tempting bill of fare for a summer breakfast: First course—Melons. Second course—Little fried smelts, perch or trout, with sauce Tartare, the dish garnished with shrimps and olives; coffee, tea or chocolate. Third course—Young chickens sautéd with cream gravy, surrounded with potatoes à la neige. Fourth course—Poached eggs on anchovy toast. Fifth course—Little fillets of porterhouse steak, with tomatoes à la Mayonnaise. Sixth course—Peaches, quartered, sweetened and half frozen.

A Home Made Table.

The table shown in the cut was designed after a high priced one seen in an art furnishing store by a contributor to The American Agriculturist. As it is so constructed that it can be easily manufactured at home by those who are at all familiar with tools, a description is here given.



ORNAMENTAL TABLE.

It may be made of pine, and stained to imitate cherry or ebony. This stain can be purchased ready for use at any paint store. The top is covered with dark plush, and a broad band of the same is tacked around the edges. This is ornamented with a pattern worked in the couching stitch. It is done in this manner: The design is first stamped on, then two threads of double zephyr are laid on it a short distance at a time, and caught down at regular intervals with floss of different shades. One or more colors of the zephyr can be used, as the taste suggests. A design of circles interwoven into each other is very pretty; this can be carried out nicely with a tea cup and white paint. The tassels are made of the zephyr.

Fruit Sponge.

Strawberries, raspberries or blackberries may be used in the following recipe for a delicious cold dessert: Soak half a package of gelatine two hours in a half cupful of water. Mash a quart of strawberries and add half a cupful of sugar to them. Boil half a cupful of sugar with a cupful of water gently for twenty minutes. Rub the berries through a sieve. Add the gelatine to the boiling syrup and take from the fire immediately; then add the berries. Set the whole in a pan of ice water and beat five minutes. Add the whites of four eggs and beat till the mixture begins to thicken. Put into molds and set away to harden. Serve with cream and sugar.

THE CURIOSITY SHOP.

Odds and Ends of Information in History, Science and Other Branches.

The following are some abbreviations which it would be well for every one to know:

A. C. Ante Christum. Before Christ.
A. D. Anno Domini. In the year of our Lord.
A. U. C. Ab urbe condita. From the building of the city (Rome).
B. C. Before Christ.
D. V. Deo volente. God willing.
E. g. Exempli gratia. For example.
Etc. Et cetera. And so forth.
Errata. Errors.
H. M. S. Her Majesty's ship.
Id. Idem. The same.
I. e. Id est. That is.
I. H. S. Jesus hominum salvator. Jesus, the Saviour of men.
Incog. Incognito. Unknown.
INRI. Jesus Nazarenus, Rex Judæorum. Jesus of Nazareth, king of the Jews.
MS. Manuscript. MSS. Manuscripts.
N. B. Nota bene. Mark well.
P. S. Post scriptum. Written afterward.
Pro tem. Pro tempore. For the time.
S. P. Q. R. Senatus, populusque Romanus. The Roman senate and people.
Sq. Sequens. Following.
Xmas. Christmas.

The Half Moon's Cruise.

When Henry Hudson, in September, 1609, sailed up the river which bears his name, in the Half Moon, he kept a log book. It is a very curious document. He anchored in New York bay, and some of his men, being incautious enough to leave the ship in a boat, were attacked by the natives and killed. Hudson passed up the river, noting the different points by the way. By his description one may recognize Spuyten Duyvil, West Point, Hudson and other places, which were then in a state of nature. It is singular to remember that when Hudson passed West Point the virgin forest grew where now stand the buildings of the national military academy. To-day West Point is linked with the history of a great nation.

Hudson sailed up to Albany and returned, at times taking natives on board and entertaining them. One old man he made very drunk. The white men did not seem inclined, however, to risk going on shore. They were once or twice attacked on the way, but their firearms easily drove the natives away. The only loss was Hudson's pillow, which a native managed to steal by climbing up to the stern of the ship.

Esthetics.

Many people have a vague conception of the meaning of the word "esthetic," which they would be at a loss to explain. The term was invented about the middle of the last century by Baumgarten, a professor of philosophy in the university of Frankfort-on-the-Oder, to denote the science of the beautiful, particularly of art, as the most perfect manifestation of the beautiful. Baumgarten is regarded by the a priori school of esthetician to be the founder of the philosophy of art. The word esthetics is from the Greek "aisthanomai" (I feel). Baumgarten used it to denote all sensuous apprehension, indicating not absolute knowledge of things, but such as is conditioned subjectively to the play of our sensibilities. The term is not thus strictly confined to the limits of the beautiful, though in fact we use it in this partial signification. Baumgarten regarded beauty the result of the highest and purest esthetic perception, to the realization of which the finer portion of our nature aspires, and to trace which through the whole sphere of art was the work of esthetic philosophy.

The Czar's Effective Forces.

The Invalide Russe, the official journal of the minister of war, gives the effective forces of the czar on Jan. 1, 1886. According to this account the Russian regular army numbered at that time 801,763 soldiers and 30,635 generals and officers. The reserves amounted to 1,000,813 men. The militia of the first call counted 2,150,000 men. And this without counting the Finland regiments.—Chicago Herald.

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

enough, for the tone in which it was said meant volumes.

"Go!"

And sullenly Ustane crept past her on her hands and knees, and went.

"Thou seest, my Holly," said Ayesha, with a little laugh, "it was time I gave these people a lesson in obedience. The girl went nigh to disobeying me, but then she did not learn this morning how I treat the disobedient. Well, she has gone; and now let me see the youth," and she glided toward the couch on which Leo lay, with his face in the shadow and turned to the wall.

"He hath a noble shape," she said as she bent over him to look upon his face.

Next second her tall and willowy form was staggering back across the room, as though she had been shot or stabbed, staggering back till at last she struck the cavern wall, and then there burst from her lips the most awful and unearthly scream that I ever heard in all my life.

"What is it, Ayesha?" I cried. "Is he dead?"

She turned and sprang toward me like a tigress.

"Thou dog!" she said, in her terrible whisper, which sounded like the hiss of a snake; "why didst thou hide this from me?" and she stretched out her arm, and I thought she was going to slay me.

"What?" I ejaculated, in the most lively terror—"what?"

"Ah!" she said, "perchance thou didst not know. Learn, my Holly, learn: there lies—there lies my lost Kallikrates. Kallikrates, who has come back to me at last, as I knew he would—as I knew he would;" and she began to sob and to laugh, and generally to go on like any other lady who is a little upset, murmuring, "Kallikrates, Kallikrates."

"Nonsense," thought I to myself, but I did not like to say it; and, indeed, at that moment I was thinking of Leo's life, having forgotten everything else in that terrible anxiety. What I feared now was that he should die while she was "carrying on."

"Unless thou canst help him, Ayesha," I put in, by way of a reminder, "thy Kallikrates will soon be far beyond thy calling. Surely, he dieth even now."

"True," she said, with a start. "Oh, why did I not come before! I am unnerved—my hand trembles, even mine—and yet it is very easy. Here, thou Holly, take this vial," and she produced a tiny jar of pottery from the folds of her garment, "and pour the liquid in it down his throat. It will cure him if he be not dead. Swift! now, swift! the man dies!"

I glanced toward him; it was true enough, Leo was in his death struggle. I saw his poor face turning ashen, and the breath began to rattle in his throat. The vial was stoppered with a little piece of wood. I drew it with my teeth, and a drop of the fluid within flew upon my tongue. It had a sweet flavor, and for a second made my head swim and a mist gather before my eyes, but happily the effect passed away as swiftly as it had arisen.

When I reached Leo's side he was plainly expiring—his golden head was slowly turning from side to side, and his mouth was slightly open. I called to Ayesha to hold his head, and this she managed to do, though the woman was quivering from head to foot, like an aspen leaf or a startled horse. Then, forcing the jaw a little more open, I poured the contents of the vial into his mouth. Instantly a little vapor arose from it, as happens when one disturbs nitric acid, and this sight did not increase my hopes, already faint enough, of the efficacy of the treatment.

One thing, however, was certain, the death throes ceased—at first I thought because he had got beyond them and crossed the awful river. His face turned to a livid pallor, and his heart beats, which had been feeble enough before, seemed to die away altogether—only the eyelid still twitched a little. In my doubt I looked up at Ayesha, whose head wrapping had slipped back in her excitement when she went reeling across the room. She was still holding Leo's head, and, with a face as pale as his, watching his countenance with such an expression of agonized anxiety as I have never seen before. Clearly she did not know if he would live or die. Five minutes passed, and I saw that she was abandoning hope; her lovely oval face seemed to fall in and grow visibly thinner beneath the pressure of a mental agony, whose pencil drew black lines about the hollows of her eyes. The coral faded even from her lips, till they were as white as Leo's face, and quivered pitifully. It was shocking to see her, even in my own grief I felt for her.

"Is it too late?" I gasped.

She hid her face in her hands and made no answer, and I, too, turned away. But as I did so I heard a deep drawn breath, and, looking down, perceived a line of color creeping up Leo's face, then another and another, and then—wonder of wonders!—the man we had thought dead turned over on his side.

"Thou seest," I said, in a whisper.

"I see," she answered, hoarsely. "He is saved. I thought we were too late; another moment—one little moment more—and he had been gone!" and she burst into an awful flood of tears, sobbing as though her heart would break, and yet managing to look lovelier than ever as she did it. At last she ceased.

"Forgive me, my Holly—forgive me for my weakness," she said. "Thou seest, after all, I am a very woman. Think—now think of it. This morning didst thou speak of a place of torment appointed by this new religion of thine. Hell or Hades didst thou call it—a place where the vital essence lives and retains an individual memory, and where all the errors and faults of judgment and unsatisfied passions and the unsubstantial terrors of the mind wherewith it hath at any time had to do come to mock and haunt and gibe and wring the heart forever and forever with the vision of its own hopelessness. Thus, even thus, have I lived for 2,000 years—for some sixty generations, as ye reckon time—in a hell, as thou callest it—tormented by the memory of a crime, tortured day and night with an unfulfilled desire—without companionship, without comfort, without death, and led on only down my dreary road by the marsh lights of hope, which, though they flickered here and there, and now glowed strong, and now were not, yet, as my skill told me, would one day lead unto my deliverer.

"And then—think of it still, O Holly, for never shalt thou hear such another tale, or see such another scene, nay, not even if I give thee 10,000 years of life—and thou shalt have it in payment if thou wilt—think, at last my deliverer came—he whom I had watched and waited for through the generations—at the appointed time he came to seek me, as I knew he must come, for my wisdom could not err, though I knew not when or how. Yet see how ignorant I was! See how small my knowledge, and how faint my strength! For hours he lay here sick unto death, and I felt it not—I who had waited for him for 2,000 years—I knew it not. And then at last I see him, and behold, my chance is gone but by a hair's breadth even before I had it, for he is in the very jaws of death, whence no power of mine can draw him. And if he die, surely must the hell be lived through once more—once more must I face the weary centuries, and wait and wait till time in its fullness shall bring my beloved back to me. And then thou gavest him the medicine, and that five minutes dragged along before I knew if he would live or die, and I tell thee that all the sixty generations that are gone were not so long as that five minutes. But they passed at last, and still he showed no sign, and I knew that if the drug works not then, it, so far as I have had knowledge, works not at all. Then thought I that he was once more dead, and all the tortures of all the years gathered themselves into a single venomed spear, and pierced me through and through, because once again I had lost Kallikrates! And then, when all was done, behold! he sighed, behold! he lived, and I knew that he would live, for none die on whom the drug takes hold. Think of it now, my Holly—think of the wonder of it! He will sleep for twelve hours, and then the fever will have left him!"

And then she stopped, and laid her hand upon the golden head, and then bent down and kissed the brow with a chastened abandonment of tenderness that would have been beautiful to behold had not the sight cut me to the heart—for I was jealous!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ONE of every five we meet has some form of Heart Disease and is in constant danger of sudden death. Dr. Kilmer's Ocean-Weed Heart Remedy regulates, corrects and cures. Price $1.00.—6 bottles $5.00.

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PERHAPS no local disease has puzzled and baffled the medical profession more than nasal catarrh. While not immediately fatal it is among the most distressing, nauseous and disgusting ills the flesh is heir to, and the records show very few or no cases of radical cures of chronic catarrh by any of the multitude of modes of treatment until the introduction of Ely's Cream Balm a few years ago. The success of this preparation has been most gratifying and surprising.

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Jan. 8, 1886.-tf.

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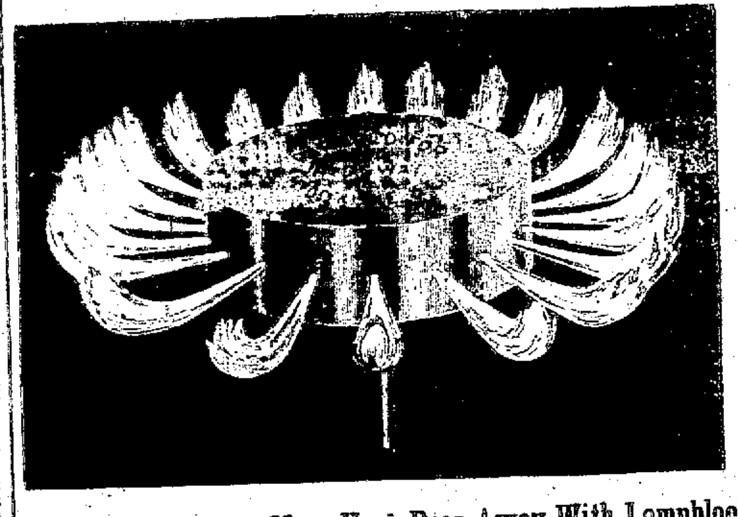

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MRS. M. E. BERGSTRESSER.

Smethport, Pa., April 1st 1886. tf

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Smethport, Pa., July 2, 1885.

FROM THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

(From our regular correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, June 14.—Ex-Secretary of the Navy, Wm. E. Chandler, was appointed Judge Advocate General of the Navy, in 1865, by President Lincoln, and was afterwards an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, so that when he assumed the portfolio, in 1862, of Secretary of the Navy, he was cognizant of certain abuses that existed in the department, and came into office with the avowed purpose of the correction of the same. But he had miscalculated the degree of opposition which radical measures of any sort were accustomed to be met with in that branch of the government, and when the jolly old tars at the heads of the several bureaus formed a "combine," and resented with steady determination and increasing obstacles at every move, the attempts at interference with their long time established prerogatives, the Hon. Secretary was at last forced to surrender, and submitted with as good a grace as was possible, to the fate of more than one of his predecessors, who had assayed the role of reformer. He, however, contented himself, towards the close of his incumbency, with the ferretting out of certain frauds in one of the bureaus, by which its chief clerk, with the connivance of the finance clerk, had, by means of collusion with certain dealers and contractors, for a long time been defrauding the government. This investigation begun, was promptly and vigorously prosecuted by his successor, the present Secretary of the Navy, to the conviction and sentence of the guilty parties, to six years' inprisonment each.

Secretary Whitney, on the other hand, came from fresh contact with business methods in the busy metropolis; and with his training received in the District Attorney's office of New York city, together with the prestige which allegiance to a party which had not held the reins of government for twenty-five years, gave him; he knew not what opposition meant, and directly assailed the citadel of bureaucracy.

In his application of business principles to the transaction of public affairs, he brought a corps of New York's most expert accountants, who, while they did not find any actual wrong in the department's accounts, still enough was apparent to show that the methods pursued were faulty in the extreme, from the fact that opportunities were easy for extravagant and unauthorized outlays of public money.

The greatest of the abuses to which I have referred, was the jealous defence of their prerogatives, by the bureaus, aided by the punctilious courtesy which the chief of one observed in his intercourse with the chief of another bureau, to the manifest detriment of the good of the service. To illustrate:— Each bureau in the matter of purchases being practically independent, one would be found buying in an outside market at a high figure perhaps, material which was stored in large quantities in the store houses of another naval bureau, the stores, too, rotting in this one, because of long storage.

During the same year, coal has been purchased by different paymaster from the same person on or about the same days, deliverable at the very same place, of like quality and character, but at prices differing from 50 to 65 cents a ton.

Although the Secretary met with no direct opposition in his efforts to consolidate the bureaus, and apply the natural division of the work of the department into three branches, viz:—"the personnel and the fleet", "material and construction", and "finance and accounts", yet the opposing influences were none the less felt in the want of co-operation in a direction from which he had a right to expect it. When the chairman of the Naval Committee, in Committee of the Whole attempted to bring up the bill for reorganization of the Navy department, he was irrevocably extinguished.

In his discretion, the present Secretary has made some improvements in the organization of the department, and in the distribution of its work, without additional legislation; the most important of which is the placing of the purchasing and accounting functions in one division which also has the care and issue of stores of every description used in the Navy.

An ordinary man of business would scarcely credit the statement that vast amounts of valuable stores have accumulated from time to time, in the Naval store houses, which have not been properly inventoried, and thus not exactly accounted for on the books, thus offering the greatest facility for collusion between clerk, custodian, and dealer. R.

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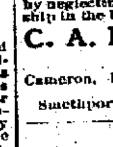
Olmstead & Beman.

Smethport, May 6, 1887.-tf.

D. LANGELL'S ASTHMA AND CATARRH REMEDY.



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Oliver V. R. Holmes, San Jose, Cal., writes: "I find the Remedy all and even more than represented. I receive instantaneous relief."

E. M. Carson, A. M., Warren, Kan., writes: "Was treated by eminent physicians of this country and Germany; tried the climate of different states—nothing afforded relief like your preparation."

T. E. Gates, County Treasurer, Philadelphia, Miss., writes: "Have used the Remedy. Would not live without it. Every one that uses it recommends it."

L. B. Phelps, P. M., Griggs, Ohio, writes: "Suffered with Asthma 40 years. Your medicine in 3 minutes does more for me than the most eminent physician did for me in 3 years."

H. C. Plimpton, Joliet, Ill., writes: "Send Catarrh Remedy at once. Cannot get along without it. I find it to be the most valuable medicine I have ever tried."

Geo. W. Brady, Nelson Co., Ky., writes: "I am using the Remedy. Gained 8 pounds in 3 weeks. Would not be without it."

Martin Fox, Little Falls, N. Y., writes: "Find Remedy excellent. Could not live without it."

We have many other hearty testimonials of cure or relief, and in order that all sufferers from Asthma, Catarrh, Hay Fever, and kindred diseases may have an opportunity of testing the value of the Remedy we will send to any address trial package free of charge. Address, J. ZIMMERMAN & CO., Proprietors, Wholesale Druggists, Wooster, Wayne Co., Ohio. Full size box by mail $1.00.

June 18 1886-1y

The Effects of Mental Exhaustion.

Many diseases, especially those of the nervous system, are the product of daily renewed mental exhaustion. Business avocations often involve an amount of mental wear and tear very prejudicial to physical health, and the professions, if arduously pursued, are no less destructive to brain and nerve tissue. It is one of the most important attributes of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, that it compensates for this undue loss of tissue, and that it imparts new energy to the brain and nerves. The rapidity with which it renews weakened mental energy and physical vitality is remarkable, and shows that its invigorating properties are of the highest order. Besides increasing vital stamina, and counteracting the effects of mental exhaustion, this potential medicine cures and prevents fever and ague, rheumatism, chronic dyspepsia and constipation, kidney and uterine weakness and other complaints. Physicians also commend it as a medical stimulant and remedy. m

The Homeliest Man in Smethport

As well as the handsomest, and others are invited to call on E. B. McCoy and get free a trial bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs, a remedy that is selling entirely upon its merits and is guaranteed to cure and relieve all chronic and acute coughs, asthma, bronchitis and consumption. Price 50 cents and $1. mely

A Very Narrow Escape.

"Yes, I had a very narrow escape," said a prominent citizen to a friend. "I was confined to my bed for a year and my friends gave me up for a consumptive's grave, until I used Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs, and here I am, sound and hearty." You will find it for sale by E. B. McCoy, druggist. Price 50 cents and $1. no9ly

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When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

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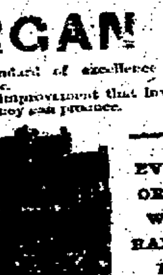
CHICAGO COTTAGE ORGAN

Has attained a standard of excellence which admits of no superior. It contains every improvement that inventive genius, skill and money can produce.



OUR AIM IS TO EXCEL.

EVERY ORGAN WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS.

These excellent Organs are celebrated for volume, quality of tone, quick response, variety of combination, artistic design, beauty in finish, perfect construction, making them the most attractive, ornamental and desirable organs for homes, schools, churches, lodges, societies, etc.

ESTABLISHED REPUTATION, UNEQUALED FACILITIES, SKILLED WORKMEN, BEST MATERIAL, COMBINED, MAKE THIS

THE POPULAR ORGAN

[illegible] and Piano Stools.

Catalogues and Price Lists, on application, FREE.

The Chicago Cottage Organ Co.

Corner Randolph and Ann Streets,

CHICAGO, ILL.

Jan 8 1886-1.

INSURANCE.

Death Losses Paid,

$5,000,000.

You are not throwing away your money when you pay death assessments in the U. B. You are simply doing unto your fellow member's family what you expect others to do unto your family; and it should not be a grevious burden to assist helpless families, when you can rest under the comforting assurance that your own family can rightfully claim and expect similar assistance at your death.

The following is a list of persons who have recently insured in the U. B. Mutual Aid Society, in Division E:

J H Sawers	$5,000
N G Swanson	5,000
S J Swanson	3,000
J T Lord	1,000
E E Burdick	2,000
C A Burdick	5,000
H P Weaver	5,000
Wm O Connor	5,000
Mrs M A Sartwell	2,000
Clark Wilson	1,000
J W Reilly	2,000
Wm Haskell	3,000
W Z Georgia	5,000
J W Pike	2,000
W P Burdick	5,000
G N Barrett	5,000
F A Burdick	2,000
G E Wood	2,000
R Sartwell	2,000
Wm Myres	5,000
Thos Diffenderfer	5,000
James O Delp	2,000
Geo Miller	2,000
M O Campbell	5,000
J E Andersen	2,000
N Creamyre	3,000
Mrs O A James	5,000
Wm Hearst	5,000
Duane Jones	5,000
A T Palmer	2,000
John O Connor	5,000
A E Cory	5,000
A T Smith	2,000
J R Shoemaker	2,000
D H Huff	2,000
Thomas Huff	[illegible]
E W Long	5,000
R H Corsons	5,000
A J Larsons	5,000
Dr Armstrong	3,000

"Delays Have Dangerous Ends,"

and yet with this fact before them many persons still delay to make provisions for their end by neglecting to secure certificates of membership in the U. B.

C. A. Burdick, Dist. Agt.

—FOR—

Cameron, Elk, Warren, Potter and McKean Counties.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 14, 1887.

Specht & Sasse,

PRACTICAL UNDERTAKERS,

Having purchased an elegant new Hearse, are prepared to attend all calls incident to their profession.

J. W. PIKE,

TONSORIAL ✦ ARTIST!

—o—

Special attention given to cutting Ladies' Bangs in all the leading styles. Ladies can feel perfectly safe in calling at my shop, as the strictest order is maintained.

Hair Tonic and Dandruff Cures for sale.

Shop one door east of Chautauqua House, Smethport, Pa. vol30no35.

KASKINE

(THE NEW QUININE.)

A POWERFUL TONIC, that the most delicate stomach will bear.

A SPECIFIC FOR MALARIA, RHEUMATISM, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, and all Germ Diseases.

THE MOST SCIENTIFIC AND SUCCESSFUL BLOOD PURIFIER. Superior to quinine.

Mr. F. A. Miller, 539 East 136th street, New York, was cured by Kaskine of extreme malarial prostration after seven years suffering. He had run down from 175 pounds to 97, began on Kaskine in June, 1886, went to work in one month, regained his full weight in six months. Quinine did him no good whatever.

Mr. Gideon Thompson, the oldest and one of the most respected citizens of Bridgeport, Conn., says: "I am ninety years of age, and for the last three years have suffered from malaria and the effects of quinine poisoning. I recently began with Kaskine which broke up the malaria and increased my weight 22 pounds."

Mrs. T. A. Solomons, of 159 Halliday st., Jersey City, writes: "My son Harry, eleven years, was cured of Malaria by Kaskine, after fifteen months' illness, when we had given up all hope."

Letters from the above persons, giving full details will be sent on application.

Kaskine can be taken without any special medical advice. $1.00 per bottle. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price.

KASKINE CO., 54 Warren St., New York.

LINES OF TRAVEL.

THE ERIE NARROW GAUGE SYSTEM.

BRADFORD, BORDELL & KINZUA RAILROAD, and BRADFORD, ELDRED & CUBA RAILROAD. Takes effect Sunday, May 2, '86.

WESTWARD.			STATIONS	EASTWARD.		
	p.m.	a.m.		a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
	5 20	11 40	ar..Bradford..lv.	7 25	10 00	[illegible]
	4 46	11 15	...Kinzua Ju....	8 06	11 25	[illegible]
	4 32	11 02	....New City....	8 17	[illegible]	[illegible]
	4 17	10 46	......Rixford......	8 30	[illegible]	[illegible]
	4 06	10 43	Duke Centre...	8 36	[illegible]	[illegible]
	3 50	10 26	......Eldred......	8 55	1 00	[illegible]
	3 28	10 10	..Bells Mills....	9 10	[illegible]	[illegible]
	3 17	9 54	......Ceres........	9 25	1 10	[illegible]
	2 50	9 40	Little Genesee	9 40	1 25	[illegible]
6 00	2 46	9 30	Lv..Bolivar..Ar	9 58	2 25	[illegible]
5 20	2 34	9 00	....Allentown....	10 10	2 16	[illegible]
4 50	2 05	8 25	lv Wellsville ar	10 45	2 50	[illegible]
p.m.	p.m.	a.m.		a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
			N. Y., L. E. & W.			
		3 30	..Hornellsville..	12 10		[illegible]
			......Addison......	1 13		
			......Corning.....	1 30		[illegible]
		1 52	......Elmira......	1 56		[illegible]
			......Waverly.....	2 29		[illegible]
			......Owego......	2 55		[illegible]
		12 20	..Binghampton..	3 21		[illegible]
		6 00	lv..New York..ar	10 00		[illegible]
		p.m.		p.m.		[illegible]
p.m.	p.m.	a.m.		a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
7 20	1 15	10 40	ar..Bradford..lv	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
6 55	1 00	10 16	Kinzua Junct'n	9 10	9 25	[illegible]
6 42	1 [illegible]	10 02	......Aiken......	9 17	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	......Davis......	9 23	[illegible]	[illegible]
6 25	1 19	9 [illegible]	....Simpson....	9 30	[illegible]	[illegible]
6 20	1 10	9 40	....Ormsby....	9 40	10 25	[illegible]
5 50		9 00	...Smethport...	10 15		[illegible]
5 00	12 40	9 05	..Mt. Jewett...	10 15	10 15	[illegible]
5 15	12 00	8 30	......Kane......	10 30	10 16	[illegible]
p.m.	m.	a.m.			a.m.	p.m.

JNO. C. McKENNA, Superintendent.

BUFFALO, NEW YORK & PHILADELPHIA RAILROAD.

Time Table takes effect Dec. 12, 1886.

NORTH'D			BUFFALO DIVISION.	SOUTH'D		
p.m.	p.m.	a.m.	Ar. Lv.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
7 00	1 25	8 30	......Buffalo......	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
6 15	12 44	7 50	..East Aurora..	9 42	[illegible]	[illegible]
5 41	12 10	7 14	......Chaffee.....	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
5 35	12 04	7 07	......Arcade......	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
5 15	11 46	6 47	......Machias.....	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
5 02	11 35	6 36	..Franklinville..	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
4 35	11 05	6 03	......Hinsdale....	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
4 00	10 45	5 45	......Olean......	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
9 15	7 15		......Bradford....	[illegible]	[illegible]	
p.m.	a.m.	a.m.	Lv. Ar.	[illegible]	p.m.	
3 44	10 30		......Portville....	[illegible]	[illegible]	
3 22	10 09		......Eldred......	[illegible]	[illegible]	
3 11	10 01		....Larrabees....	12 45	[illegible]	
2 50	9 38		.Port Allegany.	[illegible]	[illegible]	
1 45	8 35		....Emporium....	[illegible]	[illegible]	
p.m.	a.m.		Lv. Ar.	p.m.	[illegible]	
a.m.			Lv. Ar.	[illegible]		
3 35			Harrisburg	[illegible]		
11 20			Philadelphia	[illegible]		
8 00			New York	[illegible]		
11 30			Baltimore	[illegible]		
10 00			Washington	[illegible]		
p.m.			Lv. Ar.	[illegible]		

Sunday Trains.—Leave Buffalo 5:20 p. m. and arriving Buffalo 8:40 a. m. [illegible]

Additional Sunday Trains.—Leave Buffalo 9:30 a. m., arriving at Machias Jc., [illegible] p. m.; leave Machias Jc., 6:00 p. m., arriving at Buffalo at 7:35 p. m., stopping at intermediate stations.

Narrow Guage System. Trains leave Olean for Bradford 7.20, 11.00 a. m., 3.05 p. m., arrive [illegible]. Leave Olean 8.58 a. m., 2.55, 6.00 p. m. Trains leave [illegible] for Bradford 7.10, 11.37 a. m., 2.25 p. m., arrive Eldred 8.30, a. m., [illegible]. Leave Bradford for Kinzua 7.00, [illegible] p. m., arrive Bradford 11.25 a. m., [illegible].

Sunday Trains.—Leave Olean for Bradford 2.30 p. m., arrive Olean 11.00 a. m.

Trains are run on Eastern Time.

Pullman Sleeping Cars between Emporium and Philadelphia, on trains leaving Buffalo 2.00 p. m. arriving Buffalo 7.00 p. m.

☞ Tickets sold and baggage checked to all principle points.

Get Time Tables giving full information from Company's Agents.

GEO. S. GATCHELL, Gen'l Supt.,
J. A. FELLOWS, Gen'l Pass'r & Ticket Agt.,
No. 81, Exchange St., Buffalo, N. Y.

CLERMONT BRANCH

Lv Northw'd		STATIONS.	Lv Southw'd	
P.M.	A.M.		A.M.	P.M.
3.10	9.35	......Larrabees......	11.4[illegible]	[illegible]
3.00	9.10	......Frisbee......	[illegible]	[illegible]
2.45	9.00	...Farmers Valley...	[illegible]	[illegible]
2.33	8.40	......Smethport......	[illegible]	[illegible]
2.18	7.30	......Crosby......	[illegible]	[illegible]
2.08	7.10	......Colegrove......	[illegible]	[illegible]
2.03	7.00	......Hamlin......	12.40	[illegible]
1.35	6.00	......Clermont......	1.1[illegible]	[illegible]
P.M.	A.M.		P.M.	P.M.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, takes effect December [illegible]

Ar. Eastw'd.		STATIONS.	Lv. Westw'd
PM	P.M.		A.M.
8 30	1.18	......Coudersport......	[illegible]
8.15	1.14	......Hammonds......	[illegible]
8.09	1.06	......Olmsted......	[illegible]
8.04	1.00	......Nelsons......	[illegible]
7.57	12.53	......Knowlton......	[illegible]
7.51	12.45	......Roulette......	[illegible]
7.46	12.41	...Pomeroy Bridge...	[illegible]
7.38	12.33	......Burtville......	[illegible]
7.31	12.25	....River Spring....	[illegible]
7.25	12.19	......Coleman......	[illegible]
7.20	12.12	....Port Allegany....	[illegible]

Trains run on eastern standard time.

R. A. McCLURE, Sup't

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE. In effect May 23, 1887. Daily Except Sunday.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

6:20, a. m.—Day Express for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, Lancaster, Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington, arriving at Philadelphia [illegible] p. m., New York 9:35 p. m., Baltimore 6:[illegible] p. m., Washington, 7:55 p. m. Pullman Parlor car through from Williamsport to Philadelphia.

9:15 p. m.—Erie Mail for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, Lancaster, Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington, arriving at Philadelphia [illegible] a. m., New York 11:[illegible] a. m., Baltimore 6:15 a. m., Washington 8:20 a. m. Through Pullman sleeping cars are run on this train from Erie to Philadelphia and from Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington and through passenger coaches from Erie to Philadelphia and from Williamsport to Baltimore.

WESTWARD.

10:30 a. m.—Erie Mail for Erie and all intermediate stations with through Pullman Palace car and through passenger coaches to Erie.

6:20 p. m.—Niagara Express for Kane and intermediate stations with through passenger coaches to Kane.

THROUGH TRAINS for EMPORIUM JUNCTION FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

Niagara Express leaves Philadelphia 7:40 a. m., Baltimore 7:30 a. m., arriving at Emporium Junction 6:20 p. m., with through Pullman Parlor car from Philadelphia to Williamsport.

Erie Mail leaves New York 8:00 p. m., Philadelphia 11:20 p. m., Washington 10:[illegible] p. m., Baltimore 11:20 p. m., arriving at Emporium Junction 10:30 a. m., with through Pullman Palace sleeping cars from Philadelphia to Erie and from Washington and Baltimore to Williamsport and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie.

CHAS. E. PUGH, General Manager.

J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

WORKING CLASSES Attention!

We are now prepared to furnish all classes with employment at home, the whole of the time, or for their spare moments. Business new, light and profitable. Persons of either sex easily earn from 50 cents to $5.00 per evening, and a proportional sum by devoting all their time to the business. Boys and girls earn nearly as much as men. That all who see this may send their address, and test the business, we make this offer. To such as are not well satisfied we will send one dollar to pay for the trouble of writing. Full particulars and outfit free. Address GEORGE STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

News About Town.

It is the current report about town that Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs is making some remarkable cures with people who are troubled with coughs, asthma, bronchitis and consumption. E. B. McCoy will give any person a trial bottle free of cost. It is guaranteed to relieve and cure. Price 50c and $1. mely